

Featuring:  
**DICK COLE**

September

# BLUE BOLT

10¢



★  
**BLUE BOLT**  
Sub-Zero MAN

**BURIED TREASURE !!**

IN THIS ISSUE  
FINDING THE GOLD ..

.. ON THE FAMOUS  
NANCHEZ BELLE !

ALSO

★ Super-HORSE  
Phantom SUB ★

Sergeant SPOOK  
The TWISTER ★

**VOL. 2—NO. 4**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# YE EDITORS' PAGE

**\$1<sup>00</sup> FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$1<sup>00</sup>**

Dear Readers:

*BLUE BOLT* readers like *TARGET* readers have certainly been throwing bouquets our way with practically no brickbats. That's swell and we like them, but let's not rest on our laurels. We want to continually strive to make *BLUE BOLT* better and the best way we can do so is with plenty of constructive criticism from you. So come on, gang. When you take your pen in hand, don't hesitate to tell us what you think should be improved and how it should be improved.

Cordially,  
The Editors

Dear Sir:

I think *BLUE BOLT* is swell. I sell copies so I have not missed an issue. All the boys and girls at school know that I sell *BLUE BOLT* and I have to restrain them from buying *BLUE BOLT* before the sales date. I used to take these comics to school and our teacher did not like it. She said that she would tear up any copies that she found the students reading, but one night I gave her a copy of *BLUE BOLT* to look at, which she did, and she liked it so well that from then on she bought it herself.

I am getting new customers every day and everyone tells me they like *BLUE BOLT* best of all.

Tony Rich  
Martin's Creek, Pennsylvania

—(This is an interesting letter, Tony, and we are glad to hear that your teacher like many others does like *BLUE BOLT*. Did you show her "Old Cap Hawkins' Tales"?)

\* \* \*

Dear Sir:

My father sells comic books. When someone doesn't know what to buy, I recommend *BLUE BOLT* to them. Don't worry — they always come back for more. "Pony Tracks" is O.K. I always wonder what new fixes these loco cowboy sailors can get into next. Let's have more of "Edison Bell". Don't have the different characters meet, as happened with the Twister. It spoils the whole story. All the rest are perfect.

Yours very truly  
Robert Richardson  
Rudolph, Ohio

—(The Twister met other characters in his first appearance only for an introduction, Robert, and this will not happen again.)

Dear Editor:

\* \* \*

I have read many comic books of all sorts but I have never seen a comic as thrilling and excit-

ing as *BLUE BOLT* is. My favorite feature is "Dick Cole" and I like "Sub-Zero" very much too. I have made some of your inventions in "Edison Bell" and find that they are very much fun to make.

Yours truly  
Teddy Penny  
Flint, Michigan

—(We would like to hear more about some of the Edison Bell inventions readers are making.)

Dear Editor:

\* \* \*

I have made up a poem which follows:

"The Twister" is the best I've seen  
Published in this magazine.  
He's adventurous and what a wow.  
My family likes it, too, and how.

All I hope is it's not a dream,  
For this truly is a great magazine.  
The other stories are very good, too.  
In fact, they're terrific, I'll tell you.

Adelaide Walsh  
New York, New York

—(Another pat on the back for *BLUE BOLT* and "The Twister.")

\* \* \*

Dear Sir:

I enjoy reading *BLUE BOLT* very much. My father said comics were no good but when he read *BLUE BOLT*, he said "Dick Cole" sure inspired everybody. My favorites are "Dick Cole" and "Pony Tracks". It sure seemed strange to have that wind popping in every story, but it was swell. I don't like the idea of joining or have characters meet as one of your readers suggested. Hope Dick Cole gets a good fight from his double.

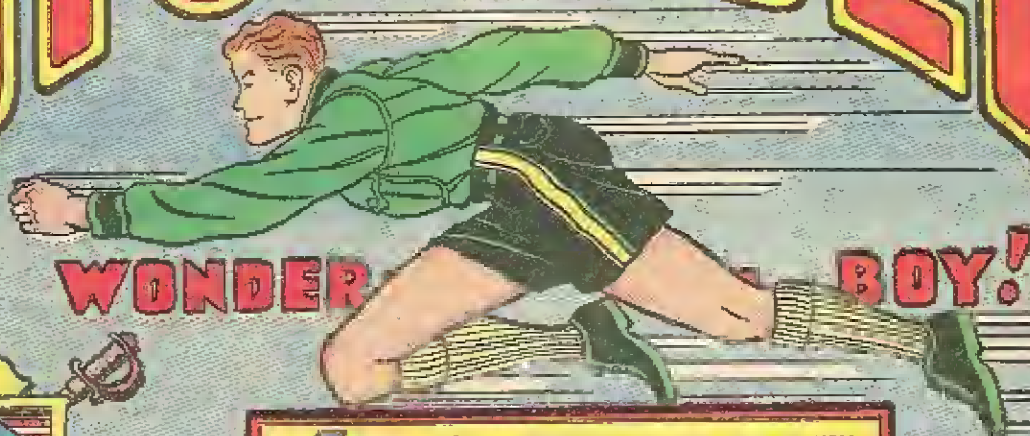
Yours truly,  
Frank Macias, Jr.  
Santa Rita, New Mexico

—(What do you think of the fight between Dick Cole and his double now since you have read it, Frank?)

ONE DOLLAR WILL BE SENT TO THE WRITER OF EACH LETTER PUBLISHED ON YE EDITORS' PAGE.  
ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.



# DICK COLE



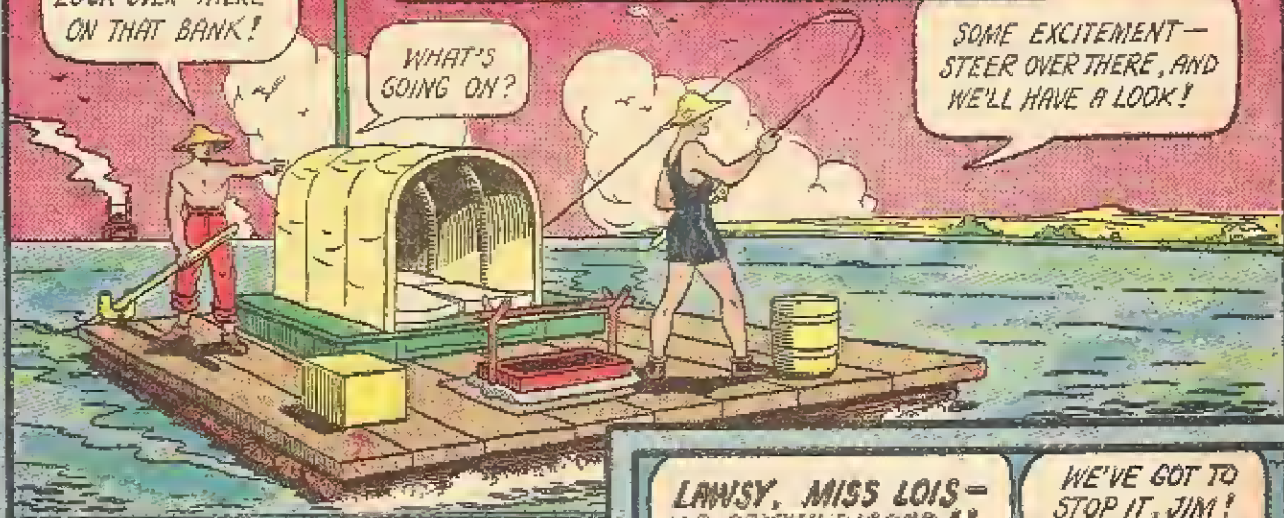
DICK AND HIS PAL, EDDIE, HAVE A MAP WHICH PROFFESSES TO TELL THE LOCATION OF AN OLD STEAMER, SUNK YEARS AGO IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER... LEGEND TELLS THAT THIS BOAT HAS A TREASURE OF GOLD IN HER, AND THE BOYS ARE OUT TO FIND IT... IT IS MID-AFTERNOON OF A WARM SUMMER DAY... THE BOYS ARE FLOATING DOWNSTREAM ON THEIR HOME-MADE RAFT, WHEN —

By  
Don Davis

HEY-DICK—  
LOOK OVER THERE—  
ON THAT BANK!

WHAT'S  
GOING ON?

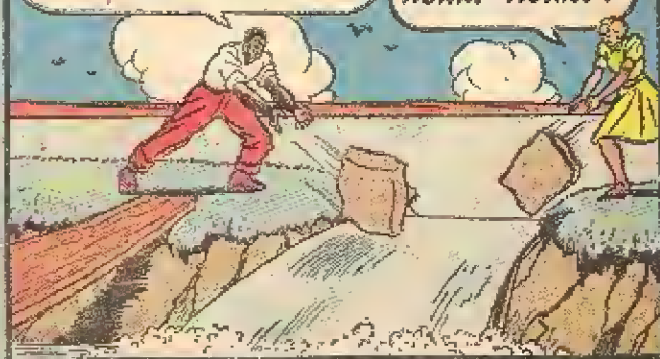
SOME EXCITEMENT—  
STEER OVER THERE, AND  
WE'LL HAVE A LOOK!



JEEPERS!  
IT'S A BREAK  
IN THE  
LEVEE!!

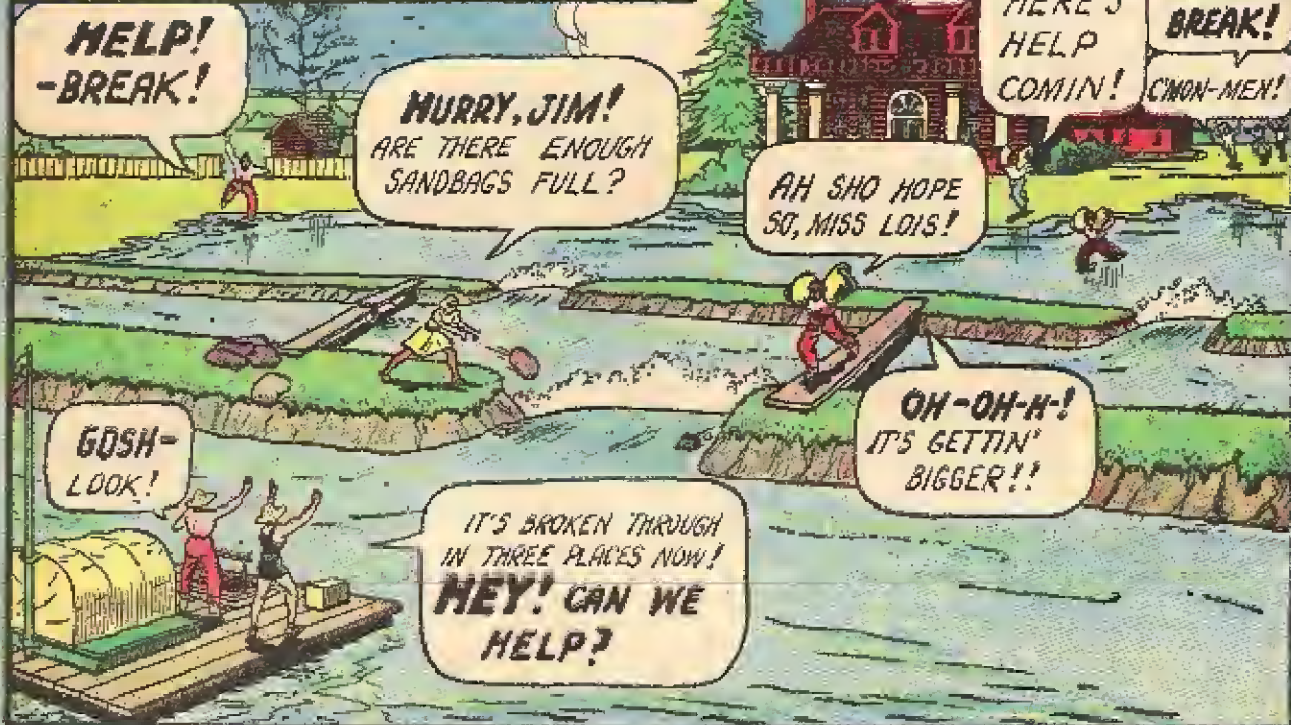
LAWDY, MISS LOIS—  
IT'S GETTIN' BIGGER!!

WE'VE GOT TO  
STOP IT, JIM!  
HURRY-HURRY!





"A BREAK IN THE LEVEE!" THE MOST DREADED CRY IN THE WHOLE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY! FOR ONE SMALL BREAK, IF NOT MENDED IMMEDIATELY, WILL, WITHIN A FEW SHORT HOURS, RELEASE THE WHOLE RIVER ON A GREAT FLOOD OF RAMPANT DESTRUCTION-TAKING LIVES, HOMES, AND CROPS!!



LIKE WILDFIRE, THE FEARFUL NEWS SPREADS THROUGH THE SECTION . . . .



ARMED WITH SHOVELS, PITCHFORKS, BAGS, AND WHEELBARROWS, THE POPULATION STREAMS FORTH TO BATTLE THE MIGHTY RIVER . . . .

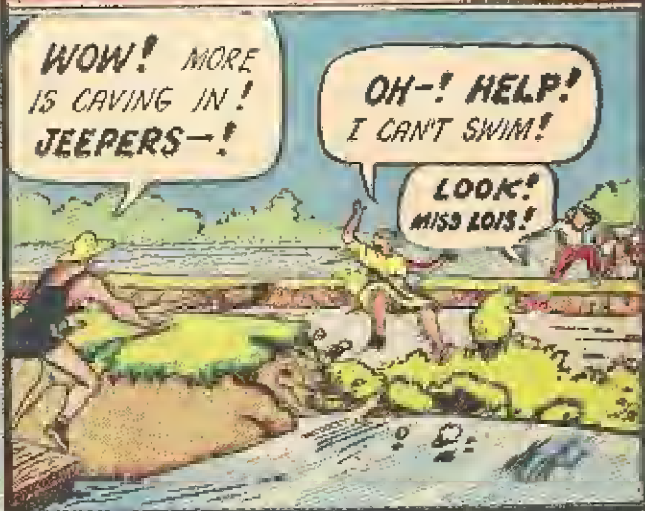




MEANWHILE, A SHORT WAY UP THE RIVER, SIMBA KARNO, DICK'S SWORN ENEMY, AND JACK RAYTON, SCHOOL VILLAIN, WATCH INTERESTEDLY...THEY ARE FOLLOWING DICK AND EDDIE, AND ARE LOOKING FOR A CHANCE TO STEAL THEIR MAP...



GUIDING THE RAFT UP TO THE LEVEE, DICK STARTS TO CLIMB UP ON IT, WHEN THE CHUNK SUPPORTING THE GIRL GIVES WAY...





HURRIEDLY, THE MEN HEAVE THE SANDBAGS UNDER THE RAFT... SOON THE MIGHTY FLOW OF THE RIVER IS STEMMED...

COMING UP!

HERE!

WE GOT HER LICKED NOW!

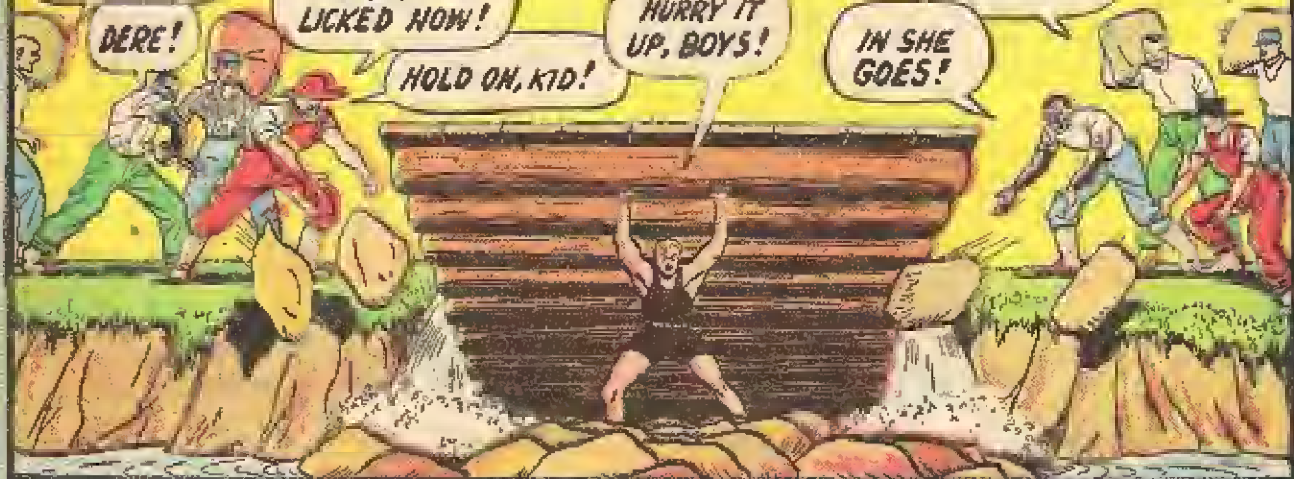
HOLD ON, KID!

HURRY IT UP, BOYS!

IN SHE GOES!

WOW-THAT KID SHO HAS STRENGTH-!

DOGGONE! I'LL SAY!

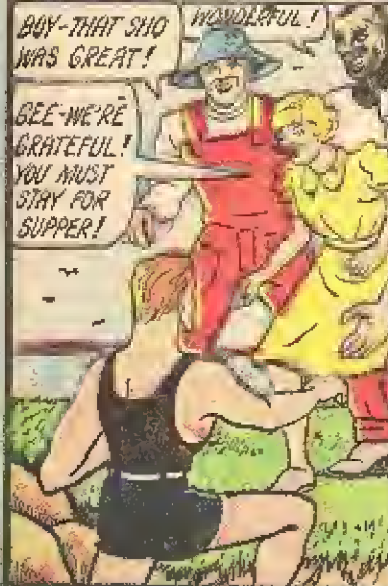


AT LAST THE JOB IS COMPLETED...

BUY-THAT SHO WAS GREAT!

WONDERFUL!

GEE-WE'RE GRATEFUL! YOU MUST STAY FOR SUPPER!



MY NAME IS LOIS ANNE LESLIE, AND I'M STAYING AT THIS OLD PLANTATION WITH MY UNCLE... HE'S AN INVALID, AND I'M SURE HE'LL BE SO GRATEFUL TO YOU, HE'LL WANT YOU TO STAY FOR SUPPER! WILL YOU?

WELL-SURE-I GUESS WE CAN, LOIS.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

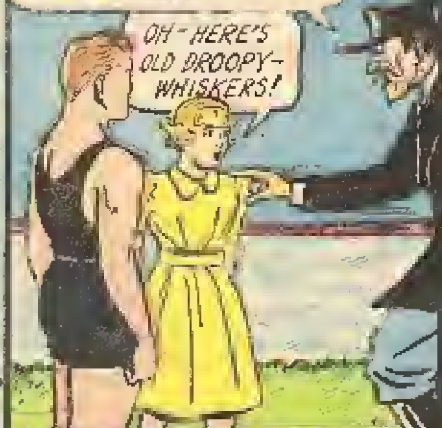
DICK COLE-



SUDDENLY THERE IS A RUDE INTERRUPTION...

THERE YOU ARE, YOU LITTLE SCAMP! WHY HAVEN'T YOU AND THAT UNCLE OF YOURS VACATED THIS PROPERTY! YOU KNOW IT'S BEING SOLD FOR UNPAID TAXES! NOW -

OH - HERE'S OLD DROOPY-WHISKERS!



OUCH-SHERIFF-

YOU BRAT-! CALL ME NAMES-WILL YOU! NOW IF YOU'RE NOT OFF THIS PROPERTY BY MONDAY-

HEY-!



YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO MAUL THAT GIRL-!

SOCK!



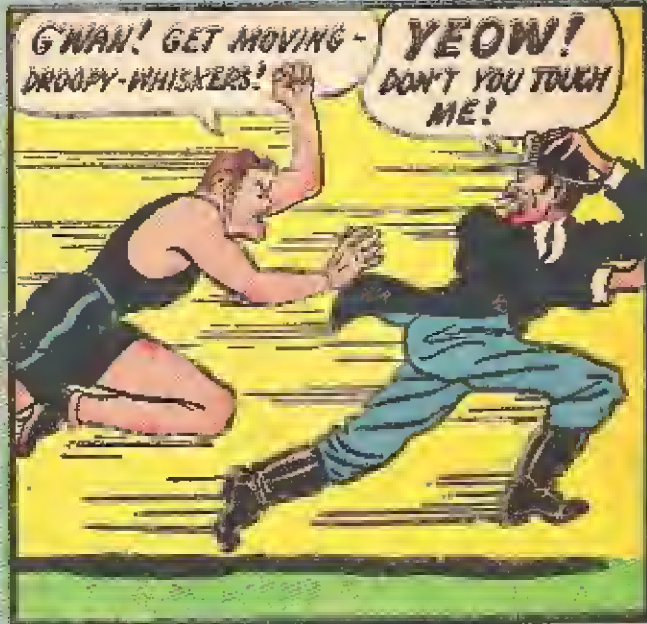




AND IF YOU CAN'T  
BE CIVIL AROUND HERE,  
**GET OUT! UNDERSTAND?  
GET MOVING!**

WHY- YOU LITTLE  
INSOLENT PUP!  
**NOW DARE  
YOU -**

NO-NO-?  
ATTA BOY, DICK!



**G'WAN! GET MOVING -  
DROOPY-WHISKERS!**

**YEOW!  
DON'T YOU TOUCH  
ME!**



**TERRIFIED, THE SHERIFF RACES  
OFF....**

**HALP!**

-AND DON'T  
COME BACK HERE,  
OR I'LL THROW  
YOU TO THE  
ALLIGATORS!



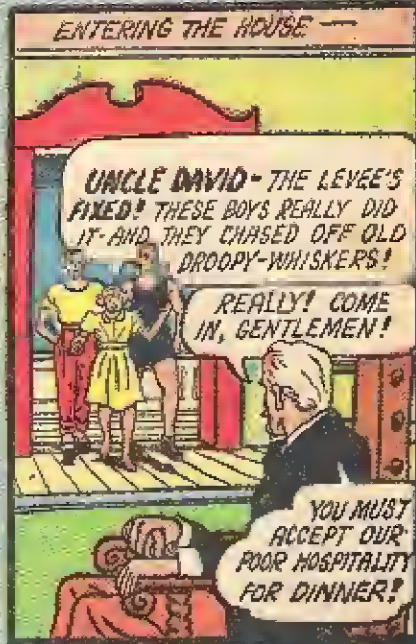
**FROM A SAFE DISTANCE, HE DELIVERS  
A FINAL ULTIMATUM TO LOIS....**

**-AND AH'M SAYIN' THIS FO'  
THE LAST TIME! GET OUT BY  
MONDAY-OR I'LL BRING AN  
ARMED POSSE TO THROW YOU OUT!**

GEE-I GUESS YOU  
AND YOUR UNCLE HAVE  
SOME TROUBLE ON YOUR  
HANDS!

GOSH-  
YES!

WE HAVE!  
COME OVER TO  
THE HOUSE, AND  
WE'LL TELL YOU  
ABOUT  
IT.



**ENTERING THE HOUSE -**

**UNCLE DAVID- THE LEVEE'S  
FIXED! THESE BOYS REALLY DID  
IT- AND THEY CHASED OFF OLD  
DROOPY-WHISKERS!**

**REALLY! COME  
IN, GENTLEMEN!**

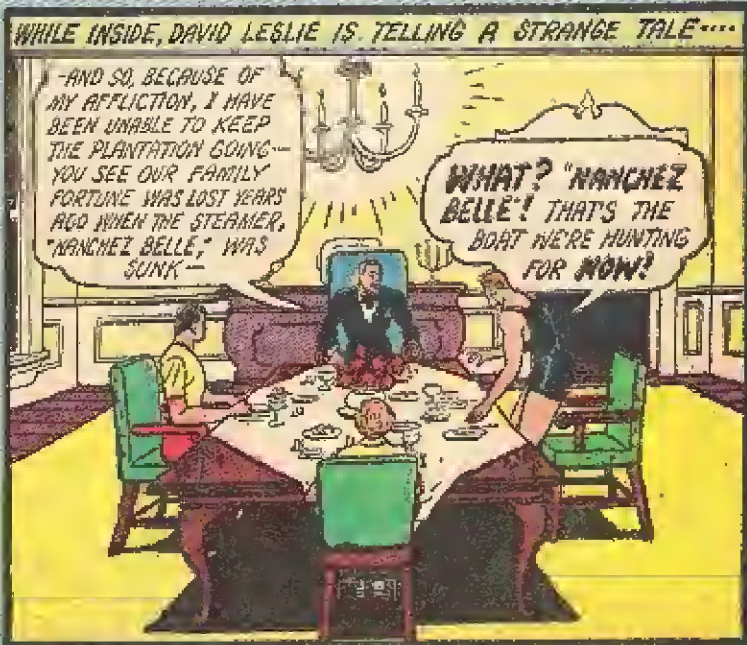
**YOU MUST  
ACCEPT OUR  
POOR HOSPITALITY  
FOR DINNER!**



**AS DARKNESS COMES AND THE BOYS  
SIT DOWN TO DINNER, SIMBA AND  
WHITON SNEAK UP TO INVESTIGATE....**

WHAT GIVES?

THEY'RE  
EATING- WE'LL  
WAIT TILL  
THEY GO TO  
BED, THEN  
WE'LL JUMP  
'EM!



**WHILE INSIDE, DAVID LESLIE IS TELLING A STRANGE TALE....**

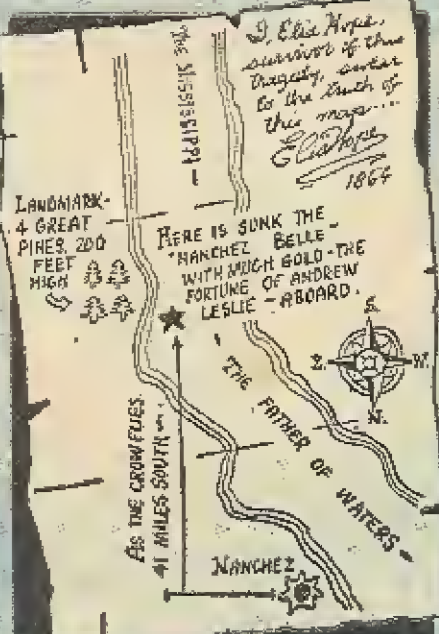
-AND SO, BECAUSE OF  
MY AFFLICTION, I HAVE  
BEEN UNABLE TO KEEP  
THE PLANTATION GOING--  
YOU SEE OUR FAMILY  
FORTUNE WAS LOST YEARS  
AGO WHEN THE STEAMER,  
"NANCHEZ BELLE," WAS  
SUNK -

**WHAT? "NANCHEZ  
BELLE"! THAT'S THE  
BOAT WE'RE HUNTING  
FOR NOW!**



YOU ARE HUNTING FOR IT? LAD, MANY PEOPLE HAVE DONE THAT-HOPING TO FIND MY FATHER'S GOLD! BUT NONE HAS SUCCEEDED! NO ONE KNOWS WHERE THE BOAT SANK!

I HAVE A MAP, SIR-MADE BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE WRECK! IT GIVES THE LOCATION! LOOK-HERE IT IS!



BY JOVE, LAD! I THINK YOU HAVE THE REAL THING HERE! I KNOW HOPE'S NAME WAS ON THE PASSENGER LIST OF THAT BOAT!

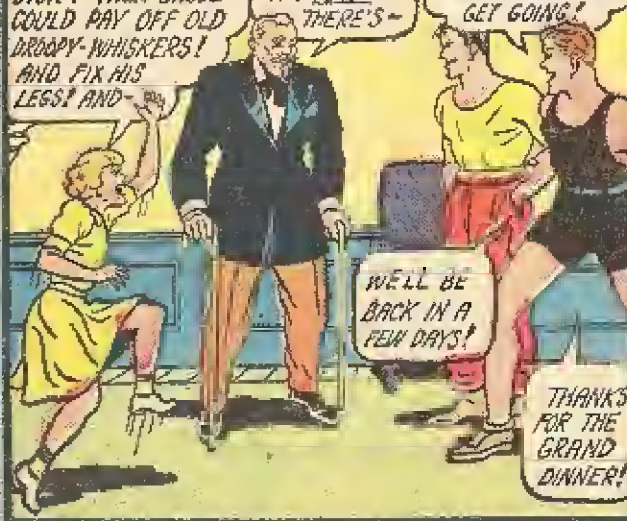
AND GEE-LOOK! YOUR FATHER'S NAME! SIR, WE'LL FIND THAT GOLD AND RETURN IT TO YOU IMMEDIATELY!



OH JIMMINY! WOULD YOU REALLY, DICK? THEN UNCLE COULD PAY OFF OLD DROOPY-WHISKERS! AND FIX HIS LESS! AND-

LOIS-DE QUIET! NO, BOYS! IF YOU FIND THAT GOLD IT'S YOURS! THERE'S-

NOT A CHANCE, SIR! WE GET IT, AND HAND IT RIGHT OVER! C'MON, EDDIE! LET'S GET GOING!



OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, RAYTON AND SIMBA HAVE WITNESSED THIS WHOLE SCENE...

YEAH- AND AIN'T THEY GENEROUS- GIVING AWAY THAT GOLD! HISS-ST! THEY'RE COMING OUT! LET'S WATCH FOR A CHANCE TO CONK 'EM NOW! EASY!

DID YOU SEE? HE KEEPS THAT MAP IN HIS PANTS! NOW, WE KNOW!

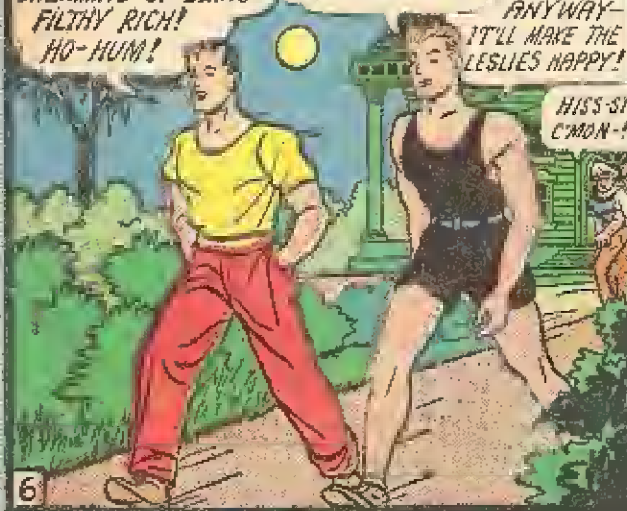


WELL- THERE GOES OUR FORTUNE, DICK... AND JUST AS I WAS DREAMING OF BEING FILTHY RICH! HO-HUM!

GOSH- ME, TOO! BIG-HEARTED DICKIE! I SHOULD HAVE KEPT MUM- BUT HECK- WHAT COULD A FELLOW DO?

ANYWAY- IT'LL MAKE THE LESLIES HAPPY!

HISS-ST C'MON-



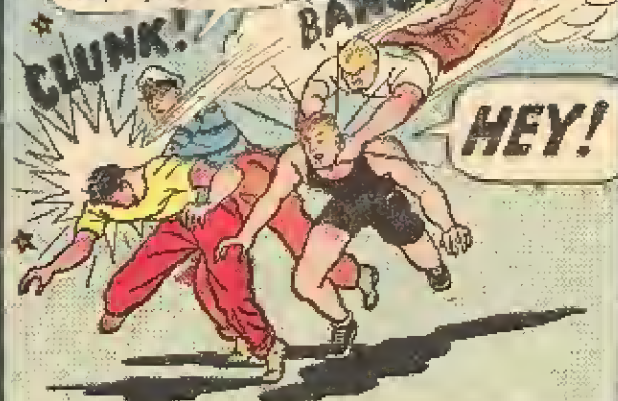
SWIFTLY, SILENTLY, SIMBA AND RAYTON LEAP TO THE ATTACK...





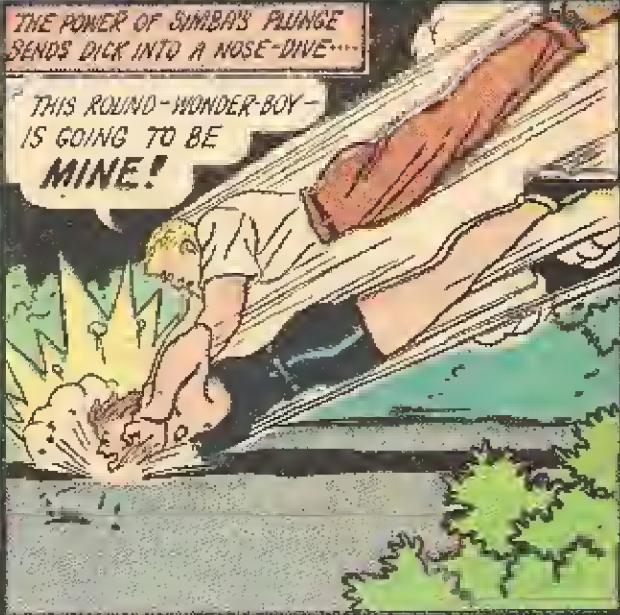
ONE SWIPE OF RAYTON'S WRENCH KNOCKS EDDIE OUT- WHILE SIMBA LANDS ON DICK'S BACK ----

THAT FOR YOU-  
HOT-SHOT-!



THE POWER OF SIMBA'S PLUNGE SENDS DICK INTO A NOSE-DIVE----

THIS ROUND-WONDER-BOY-  
IS GOING TO BE  
MINE!



VICIOUSLY, SIMBA POUNDS DICK'S HEAD---- DICK TENSES HIS POWERFUL YOUNG BODY --

HA-! HA-!

SIMBA!  
LET ME--



ABRUPTLY, DICK HEAVES UPWARD

OO-FF!

TAKE A  
RIDE - YOU  
PLUG!



BUT JUST AS DICK SOMERSAULTS TO HIS FEET, RAYTON RUSHES UP BEHIND HIM--

AND--



THERE!

QUICKLY, THE TWO RASCALS PILFER DICK'S PRONE BODY FOR THE MAP----

AH! HERE IT  
IS-- HERE IT  
IS!!

GRAB IT- AND LET'S  
GO! BOY! GUESS I  
FIXED THE WONDER-  
BOY THAT TIME-EH?





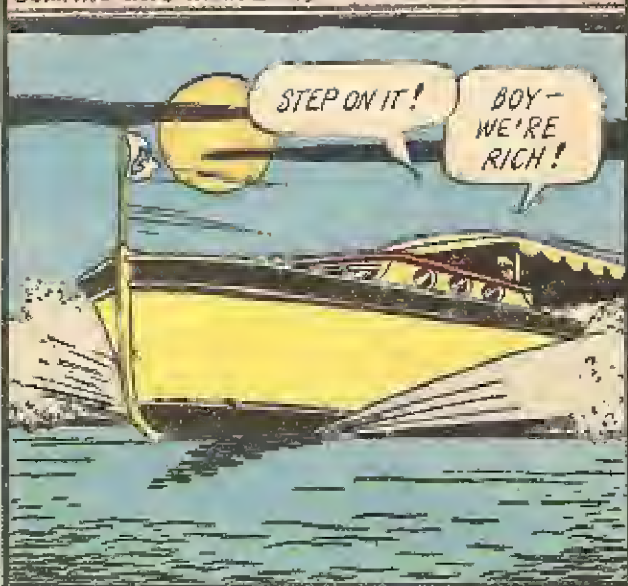
LIKE TWO JACKALS, THEY RACE TO THEIR CRUISER...

WE GOT IT! WE GOT IT!  
NOW, BY HECK, WE'LL FIND  
THAT TREASURE!

WE CAN GET TO THAT  
BOAT IN A COUPLE OF  
HOURS- OR LESS!



JUMPING INTO THEIR BOAT, THEY HEAD DOWN RIVER....



STEP ON IT!

BOY-  
WE'RE  
RICH!

A SHORT TIME LATER, DICK COMES TO...

WHEW- WHAT A SOCK!  
THOSE RATS! THEY'VE FINALLY  
PINCHED THE MAP! HEY!!  
EDDIE! GOSH, HE'S STILL  
COLD!



HE PICKS UP EDDIE, AND HEADS BACK  
TOWARD THE LESLIE HOUSE ....



THEY MUST HAVE GONE  
DOWN RIVER IN THEIR  
CRUISER! I'LL NEVER  
CATCH THEM WITH  
THE RAFT!

REACHING THE HOUSE, HE BANGS ON THE DOOR.

LOIS - OUR MAP'S  
BEEN STOLEN! WHERE  
CAN I GET A CAR?

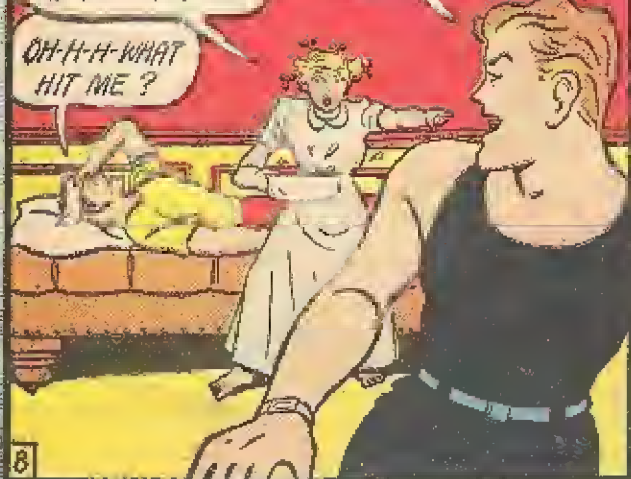
OH-JIMMINY!  
POOR EDDIE!  
BRING HIM  
INSIDE!



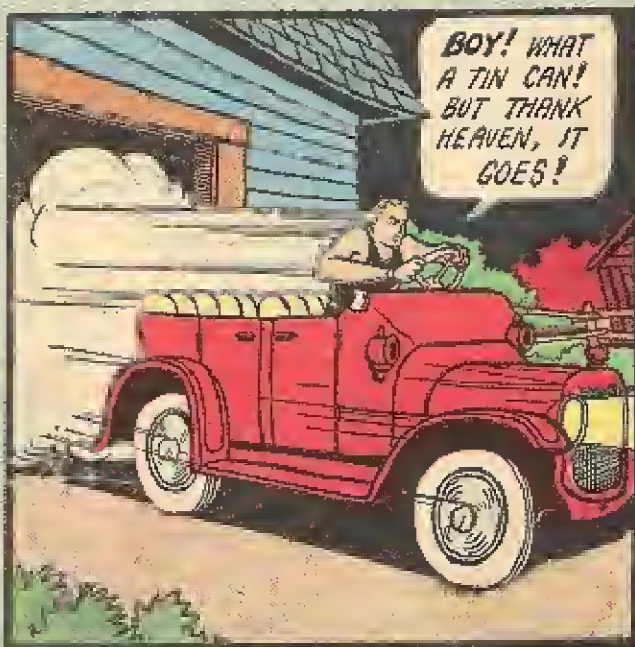
THERE'S AN OLD  
JALOPPY IN THE  
BARN! FOLLOW THE  
SHORE ROAD SOUTH!

YOU TAKE CARE OF  
EDDIE! I'LL GET  
BACK AS SOON AS I  
CAN!

OH-H-H-WHAT  
HIT ME?

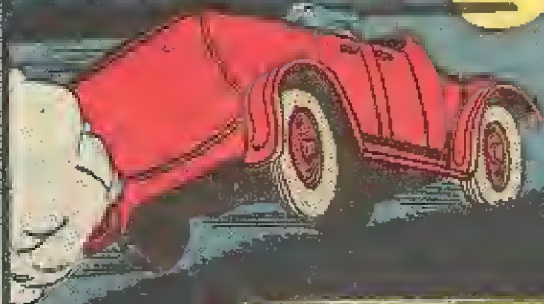


BOY! WHAT  
A TIN CAN!  
BUT THANK  
HEAVEN, IT  
GOES!



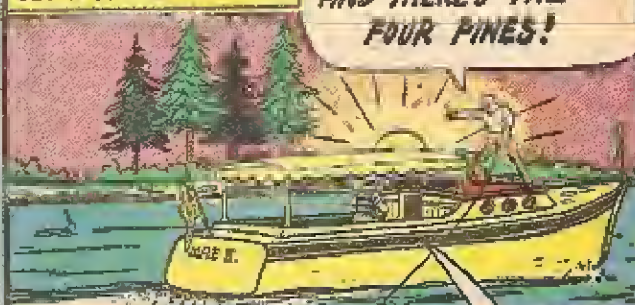


AND IT'S A DARN GOOD THING I  
REMEMBER THE DETAILS OF  
THAT MAP—THE PINES—AND  
ALL—



WITH THE THROTTLE DOWN TO THE  
FLOOR, DICK BOWLS SOUTH ....

MEANWHILE—AS DICK BUMPS  
ALONG IN THE LIZZIE—SIMBA  
AND RAYTON SEARCH FOR  
THE WRECK OF THE MARQUEZ  
BELLE—TOWARD DAWN THEY  
GET A STRIKE ....



**HOLD IT! BACK UP!**  
I JUST HIT SOMETHING!  
AND THERE'S THE  
FOUR PINES!

BY HECKO—I  
THINK WE'RE THERE!

QUICKLY, THEY HAUL OUT THEIR  
UNDER-WATER EQUIPMENT ....

NOW REMEMBER—LOOK  
OVER THAT TUB FROM  
STEM TO STERN!



DON'T WORRY,  
SKINNY! HELP  
ME INTO THIS  
THING!

YOU KEEP THAT  
AIR COMING DOWN!  
AND GIVE ME  
PLENTY OF LINE—  
AND NOSE!

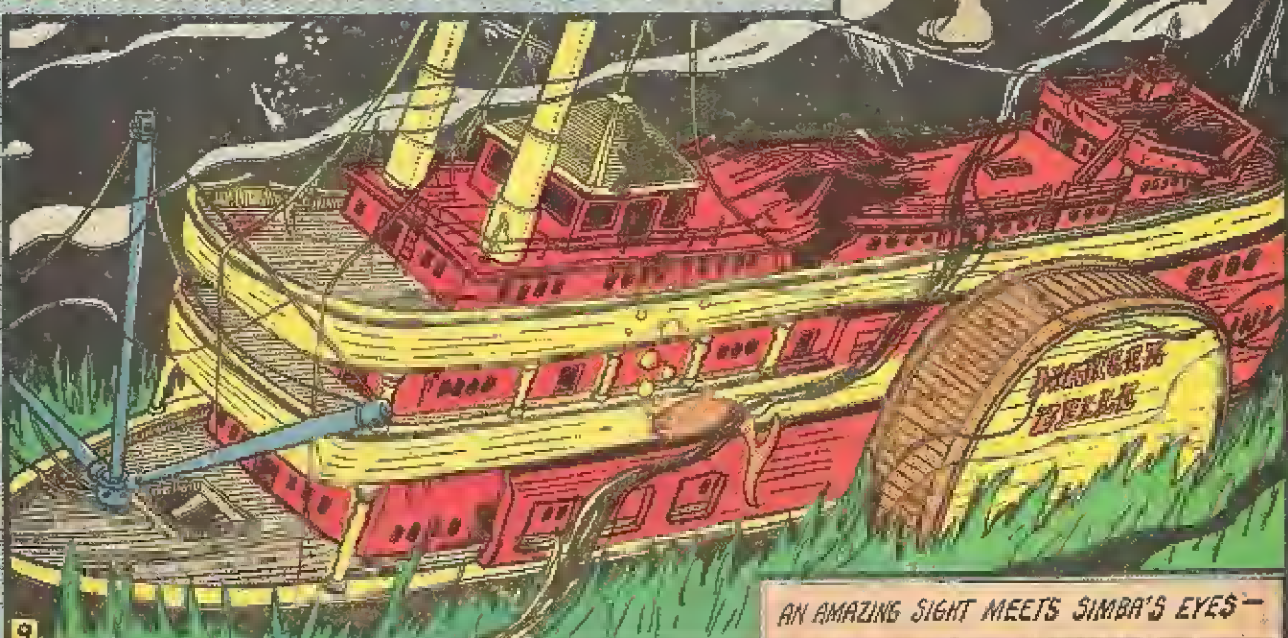


RIGHT!

**HOLY  
COW!**



THERE  
SHE IS!

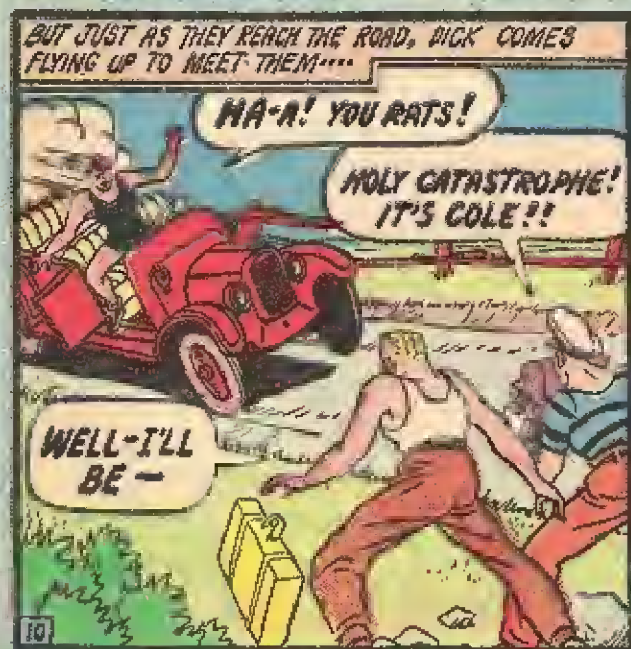
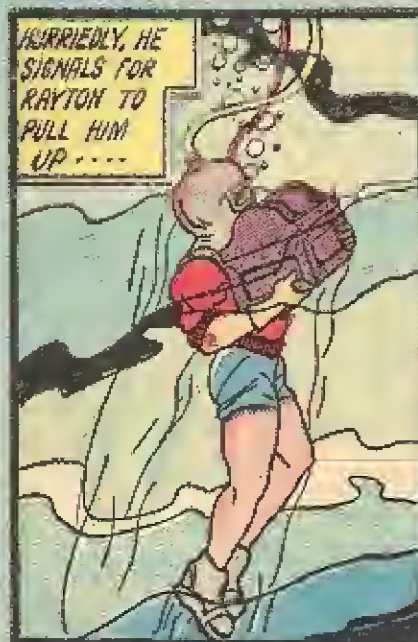
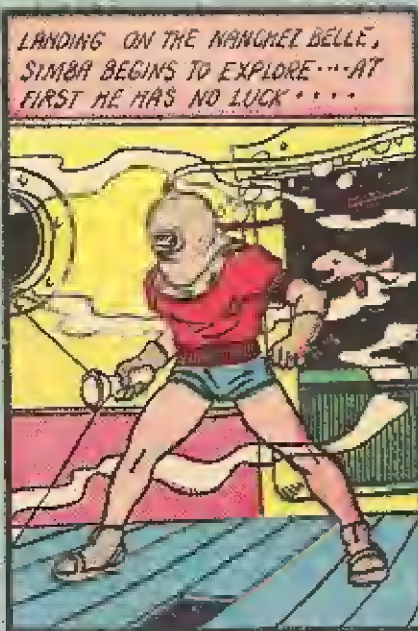


AN AMAZING SIGHT MEETS SIMBA'S EYES—





AND JUST ABOUT NOW, DICK IS GETTING CLOSE...





HURRIEDLY RAYTON STARTS THE CAR... SIMBA LEAPS ABOARD....

YOU ON? RIGHT! STEP ON IT!



DICK LEAPS TO THE CARSE-

ONE MIGHTY LUNGE, AND HE SECURES A GRIP ON THE REAR SEAT.

AH-!



AS DICK CLIMBS ABOARD, SIMBA WHEELS, RISES TO BATTLE....

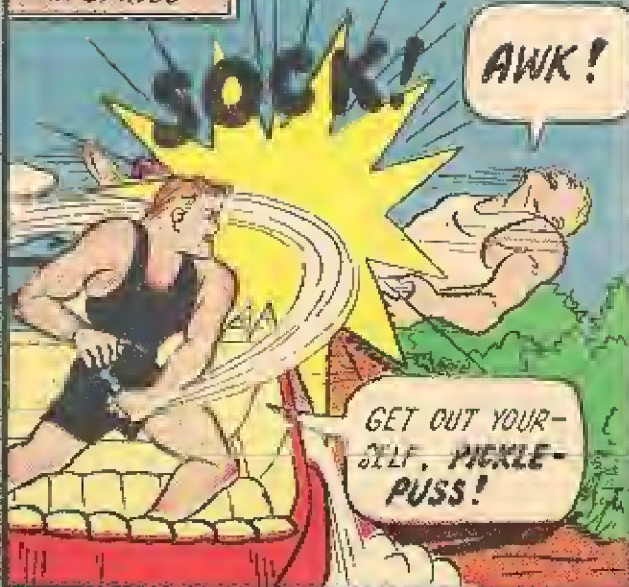
NOW, YOU PIRATE- GET OFFA HERE!



DICK SWINGS....

SOCK!

AWK!



GET OUT YOURSELF, PICKLE-PUSS!

OW-W-! HELP!

YOU'RE NEXT, RAYTON! AND THANK'S FOR GETTING THE GOLD FOR US?



A FEW HOURS LATER, WHEN DICK DRIVES INTO THE YARD OF THE LESLIE PLANTATION —

HI, EVERYBODY! I HAVE THE GOLD!

THANK HEAVEN - HE'S SAFE!

AND HE GOT IT!

OH-H-! IT'S DICK! DICK!



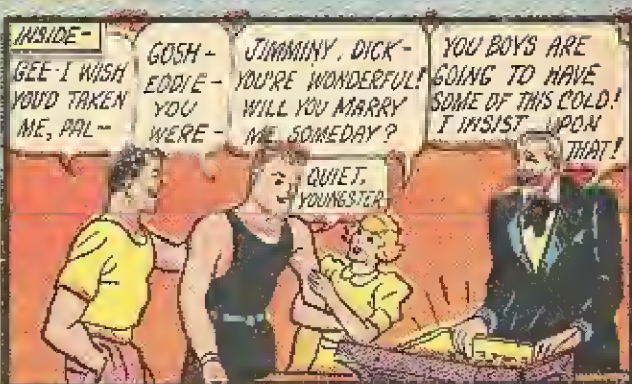
INSIDE - GEE - I WISH YOU'D TAKEN ME, PAL -

GOSH - EDDIE - YOU WERE -

JIMMINY, DICK - YOU'RE WONDERFUL! WILL YOU MARRY ME SOMEDAY?

YOU BOYS ARE GOING TO HAVE SOME OF THIS GOLD! I INSIST UPON THAT!

QUIET, YOUNGESTER



WELL, THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, MATES! BUT THERE'S A TERRIFICALLY EXCITING EPISODE ON THE WAY UP! SEE YOU NEXT MONTH IN **BLUE BOLT!**



# Twister

in  
the

Everglades

**I**N THE MYSTERIOUS SWAMPS OF FLORIDA, THERE EXISTS A COLONY OF OUTCASTS FROM CIVILIZATION, WHO HAVE ESCAPED THE LAW, TO RESIDE IN THIS CRIMINAL SANCTUARY! THEY ARE RULED BY "THE BULL," HALF-BREED CREOLE FROM LOUISIANA... AND NOTORIOUS BANK ROBBER AND MURDERER! THE BULL HAS CALLED A MEETING OF HIS FIERCEST MEN...

NOW, EACH OF YOU KNOW YOUR JOB... CAUSE TROUBLE IN THE VILLAGE TO THROW THE POLICE OFF THE TRACK OF THE REAL JOB ON HAND!

THROUGH A SECRET TRAIL, KNOWN ONLY TO THE CRIMINALS, THEY WEND THEIR WAY TO A NEARBY TOWN...

WE'LL MEET LATER!

**S**UDDENLY... BEDLAM AND DEATH TAKES OVER THE SLEEPY VILLAGE...

AIEEE!

RASH

THIS'LL WAKE UP THIS TOWN!

HERE, COPPER!





**W**HILE, ONE MILE FROM THE TOWN, THE BULL IS COMMITTING A HEINOUS CRIME... THAT OF KIDNAPPING!

STOP YOUR SCRATCHING, SISTER!

LET ME GO.



**L**ATER... AT THE PRE-ARRANGED MEETING PLACE.

YOU'LL ALL BE HUNG FOR THIS!

A FEW DAYS IN THE EVERGLADES WILL TAKE THE FIGHT OUT OF YOU!



**S**TILL LATER... IN THE MAMI RADIO STATION...

STARTLING NEWS FLASH! JANCE BARRA, WEALTHY FRUIT GROWER'S DAUGHTER HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY EVERGLADE CRIMINALS....



SO! CRIME MARCHES ON! BUT... NO WHILE I'M AROUND!

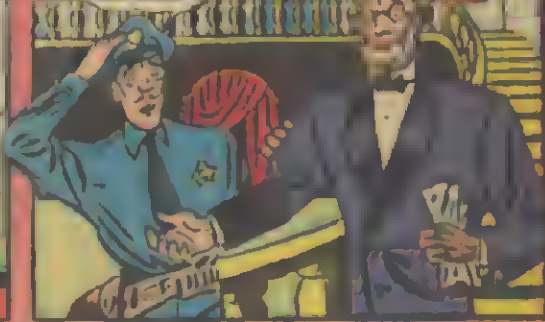
...RANDOM DEMAND. RUMORED TO BE OVER \$100,000... MR. LEMUEL BARRA IS FRANTIC OVER HIS DAUGHTER'S WELFARE. POLICE... ETC...



**I**N THE BARRA HOME.....

CHIEF... THOSE MEN ARE KILLERS... MY POOR GIRL... WHAT SHALL I DO?

I THINK YOU'D BETTER GIVE IN TO THEM IF YOU'VE GOT THE MONEY!



THE MONEY IS NOTHING... BUT WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE CLEANED UP THESE RATS BEFORE?

IT'S NOT THAT EASY, SIR! THESE CRIMINALS IN THE EVERGLADES ARE WELL PROTECTED BY THE JUNGLES... THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE A SECRET TRAIL TO THEIR CAMP... BUT WE CAN'T FIND IT!



WHAT'S THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE THE WIND RUSHING IN!



CORRECT, CHIEF! AND I'M SURPRISED TO HEAR TWISTER! YOU ADMIT YOU'RE LICKED! WHY THE CHASE HAS ONLY STARTED!





I'LL BE GOING NOW...  
DON'T PAY THAT RANSOM!  
YOUR DAUGHTER WILL  
BE RETURNED... UNHARMED!

OUTSIDE...

A  
CYCLONE!

NO! IT'S  
TWISTER... GOD  
BLESS HM!

MEANWHILE... IN THE EVERGLADES

LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT WILL  
HAPPEN IF YOUR FATHER DOESN'T  
PAY THAT RANSOM!

YOU  
BEAST!

AT A SIGNAL FROM THE BULL, HIS  
PET CROCODILE LEAPS FOR THE  
GIRL... THE STOUT CHAIN HOLDS  
IT A SCANT FEW INCHES FROM  
THE TERRIFIED GIRL!

EEE!

SUDDENLY...  
A SUCKING  
WIND FLINGS THE  
CROCODILE  
THROUGH THE AIR!

HEY!

And

HEY! SO YOU'RE THAT  
TWISTER GUY, EH?

NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS!  
RELEASE THE GIRL, OR  
YOU'LL SEE YOUR  
COLONY, HERE, BLOWN  
OUT OF THE  
SWAMPS!



THE BULL ROARS WITH LAUGHTER AND AT THE SAME TIME WINKS HIS EYE!

HA! HO! LOOK WHO'S GOING TO BLOW MY PLACE AWAY!

it IS A SIONAL AND- THE BULL'S MEN POUNCE..



THE SURPRISE ATTACK OVER-POWERS THE TWISTER!

I'VE HEARD OF YOU, TWISTER... YOU NEED THE WIND TO DO YOUR DIRTY WORK! YOU WON'T GET ANY IN THIS LOCKED ROOM! HAH!

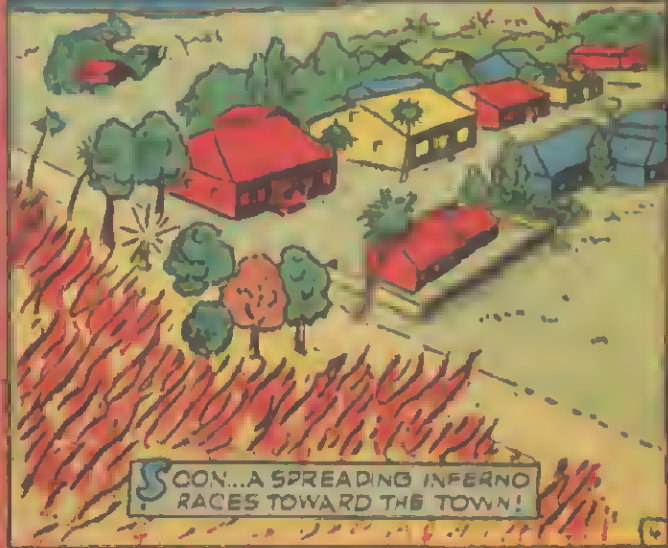
BULL! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO PAY THE RANSOM! I HEARD IT OVER A RADIO, IN TOWN!

THAT'S IT, MEN! HOLD HIS MOUTH SO HE CAN'T SUCK IN THE WIND! TIE HIM UP!

WHAT?



I'LL SHOW THEM THEY CAN'T FOOL AROUND WITH ME! WE'LL BURN THE WHOLE TOWN DOWN... START A FIRE ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE EVERGLADES... THE WIND WILL SWEEP THE BLAZE RIGHT INTO THE VILLAGE!



SOON... A SPREADING INFERNO RACES TOWARD THE TOWN!



MEANWHILE...

SO, YOUR FATHER WON'T  
PAY... EH? NOW, START RUN-  
NING, SO I CAN SHOOT YOU  
DOWN IN ACTION!



AS THE GIRL DRAWS AWAY IN  
TERROR... A PALL OF SMOKE  
COMES BETWEEN THE GIRL  
AND BULL AS THE WIND  
SHIFTS SLIGHTLY...

NO!  
YOU CAN'T!



SCREENED BY THE  
SMOKE, THE GIRL  
HURLS A STONE AT THE  
WINDOW OF THE ROOM  
WHERE TWISTER  
IS INTERNED!



A LIFE-GIVING BREEZE WAFTS INTO  
THE ROOM AND TWISTER IS FREE!



IT'LL END  
THAT CRIMINAL  
SANCTUARY FOR GOOD!



HIGH INTO THE AIR HE SOARS... OVER  
THE CRACKLING FIRE... THEN HE  
CUTS SHARPLY AND...

... FLASHES OVER BULL'S DOMAIN...  
THE POWERFUL SUCTION HE CREATES  
DRAWS THE FLAMES OVER  
BULL'S CRIMINAL LAIR!

THIS IS FIGHTING  
FIRE WITH FIRE  
ALL RIGHT!



HIS PLAN WORKS! THE FIRE SPREADS  
RAPIDLY THROUGH THE FLIMSY SHACKS  
COMPRISING BULL'S SANCTUARY!

HELP!  
I'M BEING  
ROASTED!





THAT GIRL!  
SHE CAUSED THIS... I'LL  
TEAR HER APART! THERE SHE IS!

FREE THAT TWISTER.  
WILL YOU!

LET ME GO...  
YOU...  
YOU...

**F**RIENDISHLY, BULL GRABS THE GIRL,  
AND STARTS TO THROW HER  
INTO A BURNING SHACK...

**But**  
SUDDENLY A  
BLURRED FORM  
RACES PAST THE  
BUILDING  
AND...

WHAT WAS  
THAT?

I'LL TELL YOU  
IN A JIFFY!

THE FIRE GOES OUT!

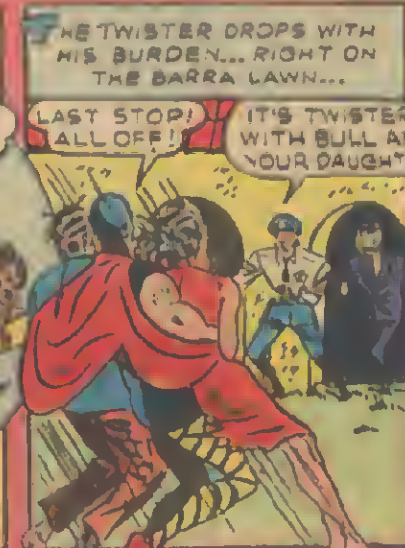
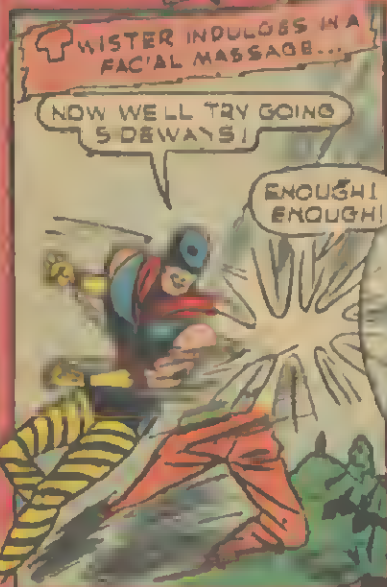
NOW, WHAT TH'!  
WHO DID THAT?

**Then...**

OOOH!

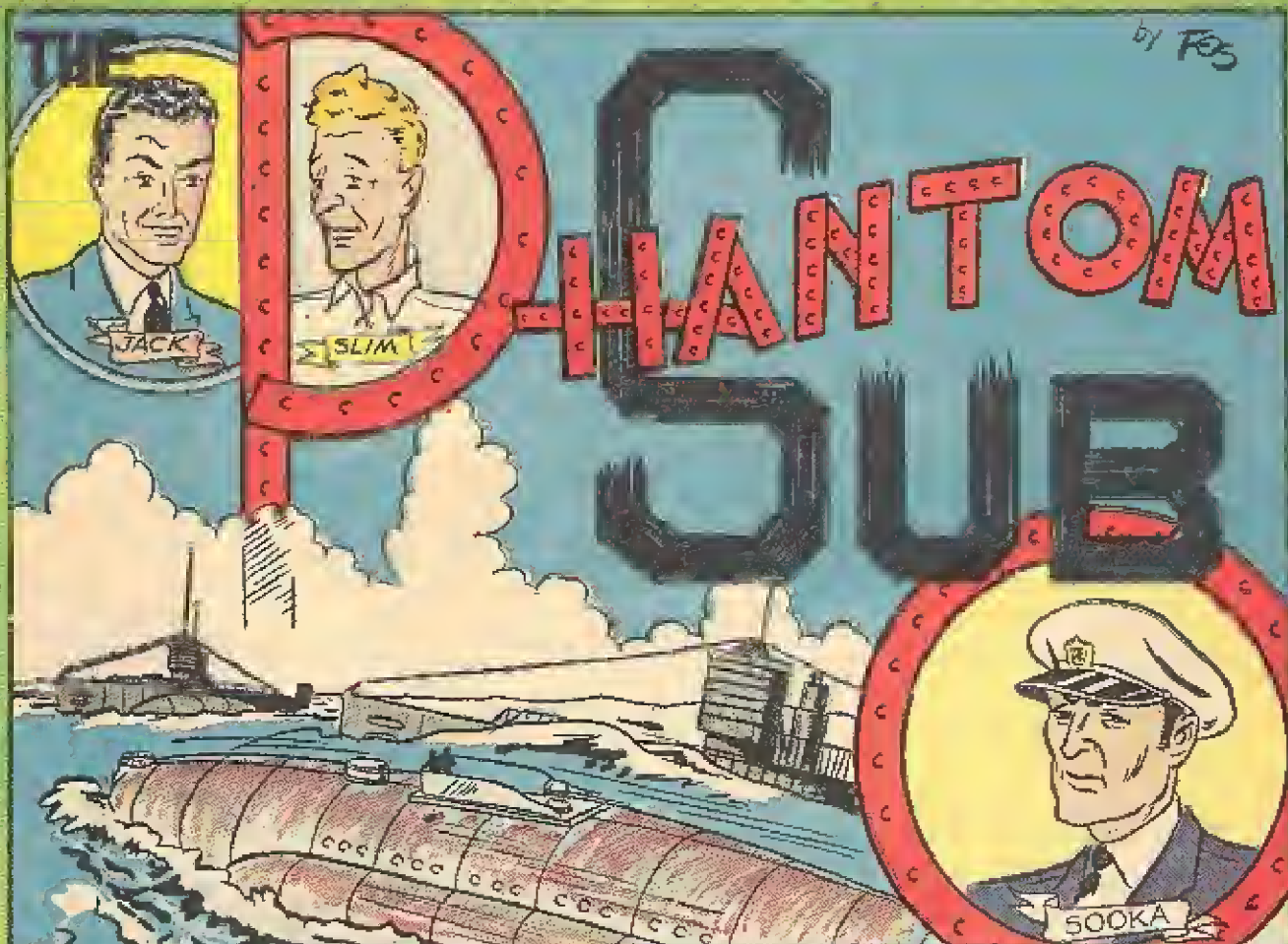
I DID! AND THAT  
ISN'T ALL!





**THRILL**  
to  
ANOTHER  
THE TWISTER  
ART  
NARRATIVE  
UN NEXT MONTH'S  
BLUE BOLT





INTRODUCING THE CRUEL VICIOUS COMMANDER SOOKA. COMMANDER OF A SUBMARINE PACK SENT OUT BY THE INVADER TO HARASS THE SHIPPING OF THE DEMOCRACIES. NATURALLY VICIOUS, THE WAR HAS TURNED HIM INTO A MANIAC WHOSE ONLY PLEASURE IS CONQUEST, DEATH, AND DESTRUCTION !!!

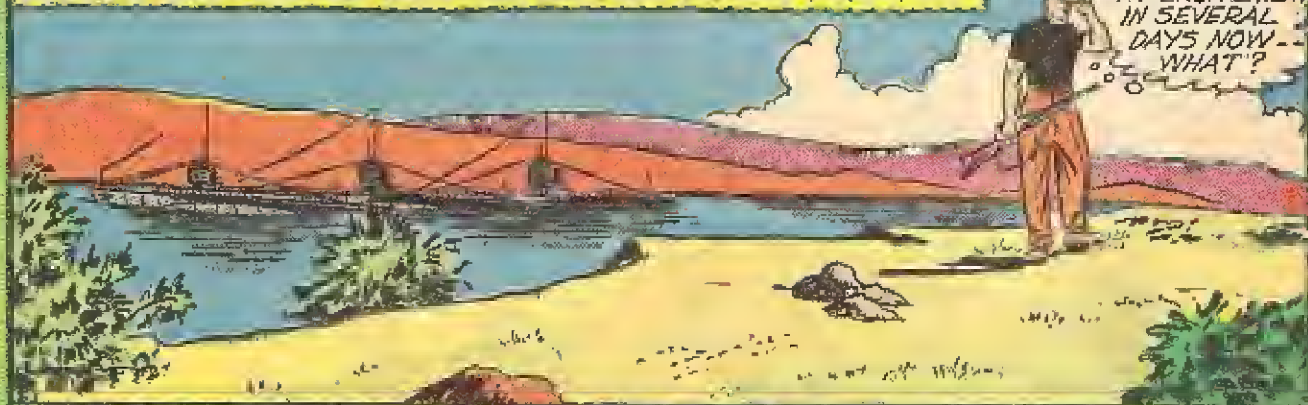
FROM HIS HOME PORT SOOKA HAS LAID A TRAIL OF WRECKED SHIPS AND UNNECESSARY DEATHS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN --

THAT'S OUR 735TH VICTIM, MATES! AND IT WAS AN EASY ONE!



NOW IN HIS SECRET BASE ON A SMALL CAY OFF THE BAHAMAS, SOOKA'S SUB PACK REFUELS FOR ANOTHER VICIOUS FORAY --

HAVEN'T HAD ANY EXCITEMENT IN SEVERAL DAYS NOW -- WHAT?

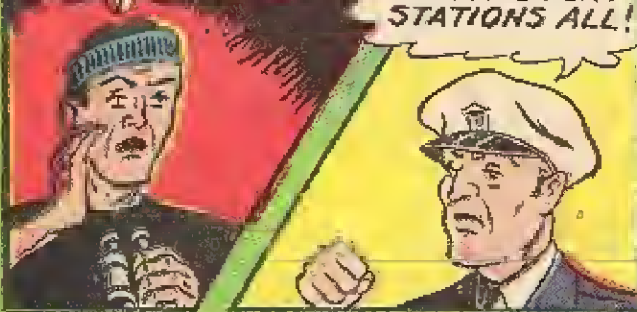




**Suddenly** THE LOOKOUT CRIES...

AHOY! TWO  
SMOKES TO THE  
SOUTH-EAST!

AHA! THOSE  
TWO TRAMPS  
WE'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR!  
STATIONS ALL!



CUTTING INTO THE PATH OF THE FREIGHTERS,  
THE SUB PACK SINKS THE FIRST ONE WITH  
TORPEDOES --

A DIRECT HIT  
ON THE FIRST  
SHIP!



SHARKS! HA! HA!  
OUR SHIPWRECKED FRIENDS  
ARE HAVING COMPANY!  
NOW WE'LL SEE  
THEM SQUIRM!  
HA! HA! HA!

HELP!



YOU, LIEUTENANT GOEBBING,  
WHO ARE YOU TO  
QUESTION MY AUTHORITY?  
THROW HIM INTO  
THE BRIG!

SMACK!



QUICKLY THE SUB PACK LEAVES ITS HIDEOUT  
ON THE CAY BY A SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE..



AND AS THE CREW OF THE SINKING SHIP  
TAKE TO THE LIFEBOATS, THE CRUEL SOOKA  
ORDERS THE LIFEBOATS SHELLED!

SINK THEM ALL!  
I'LL HAVE YOUR EARS  
IF YOU MISS!



IN DESPERATE FEAR, THE SHIPWRECKED  
MEN TRY TO BOARD SOOKA'S SUBS. BUT--

DON'T LET THOSE  
SWINE GET ABOARD!  
KICK THEM BACK  
TO THE SHARKS!

COMMANDER, YOU  
CAN'T LEAVE  
THOSE MEN TO  
THE SHARKS!



ATTRACTED BY THE SMOKE OF THE  
TORPEDOED VESSEL, THE PHANTOM SUB  
ARRIVES ON THE SCENE!

HOLY SMOKE!  
LOOK AT THOSE  
SHARKS!



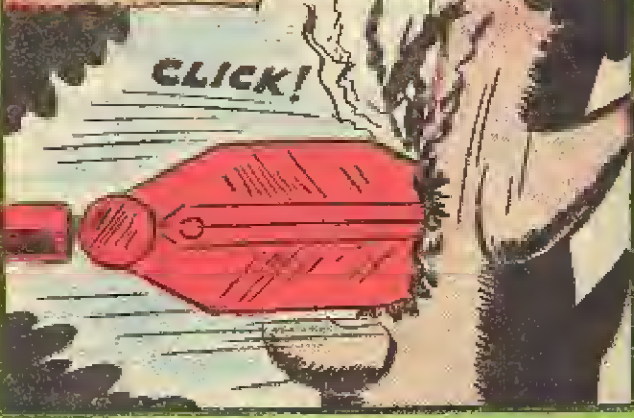
QUICK! BELOW AND  
OUT WITH THE SALVAGE  
CLAW! WE'VE GOT TO  
SAVE THOSE MEN!



WITH A ROAR OF ITS HUGE MOTORS, THE PHANTOM SUB PLUNGES IN THE MIDST OF THE FEROCIOUS SHARKS! TWISTING AND TURNING, WIELDING THE SALVAGE CLAW LIKE A HUGE SPEAR, IT WREAKS HAVOC!



ONE AFTER ANOTHER THE SHARKS ARE DESTROYED —!



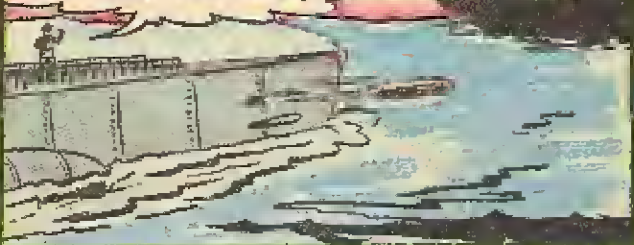
WELL, THAT FINISHES THE SHARKS. NOW TO SET ABOUT PICKING UP THOSE MEN!

NO, WAIT JACK! THOSE SUBS ARE TORPEDOING THE OTHER FREIGHTER!

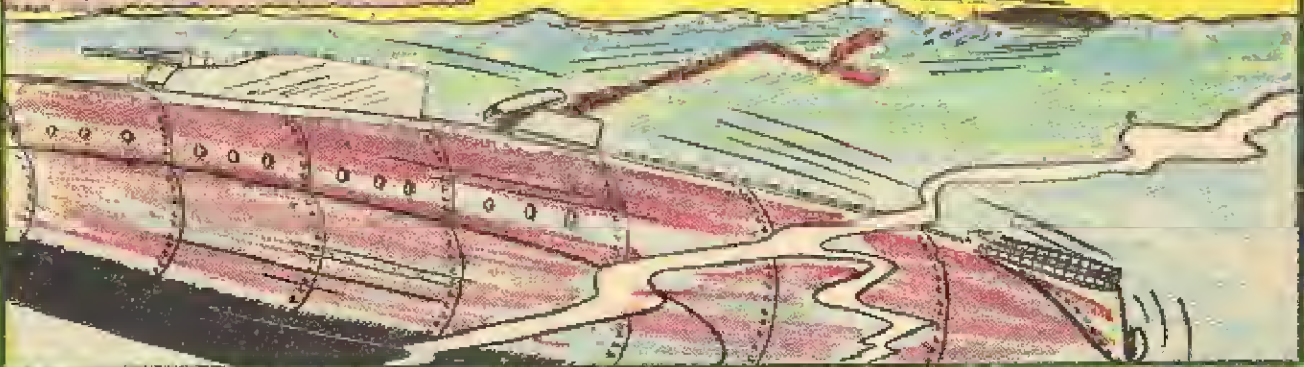


SOOKA AND HIS SUB PACK, THINKING THEY HAVE LEFT THE SHIPWRECKED MEN TO THE SHARKS, AND UNAWARE OF THE PHANTOM SUB'S PRESENCE, NOW TURN THEIR ATTENTION TO THE OTHER FREIGHTER —

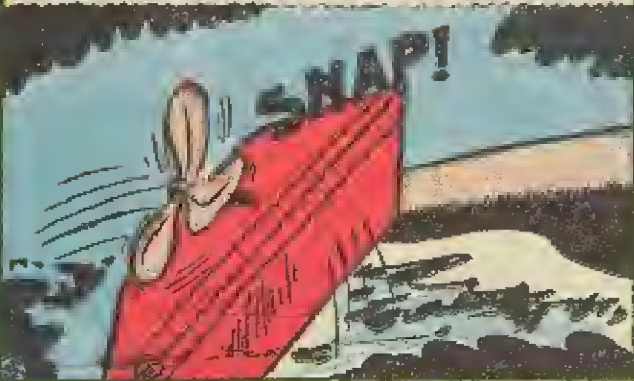
BLAST THEM OUT OF THE WATER!



LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHT THE PHANTOM SUB SHOOTS THROUGH THE WATER AND OVERTAKES THE SPEEDING TORPEDO —

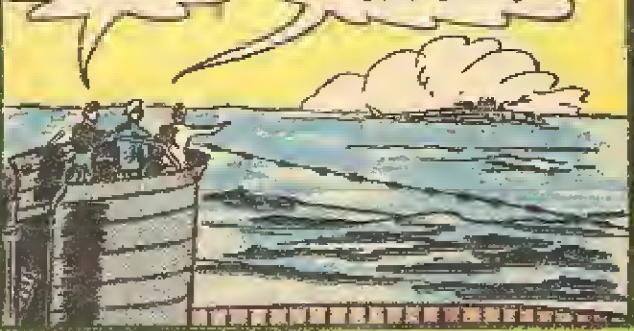


THE POWERFUL CUTTING EDGES OF THE SALVAGE CLAW CUT THE PROPELLORS FROM THE TORPEDO — STOPPING IT!



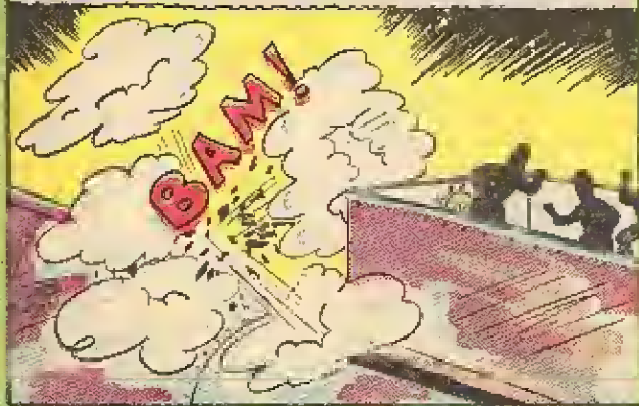
HEY, WHAT'S UP? THE TORPEDO'S STOPPED!...LOOK! A STRANGE SUB!

WHOEVER IT IS IT MUST HAVE STOPPED OUR TORPEDO. SINK IT!

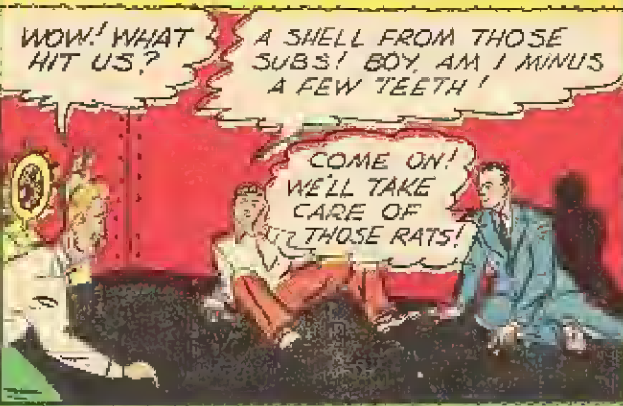




A SHELL FROM SOOKA'S SUB SCORES A DIRECT HIT ON THE PHANTOM SUB - !



BUT THE SHELL'S FORCE BARELY DENTS THE SUPER-CONSTRUCTED PHANTOM SUB !

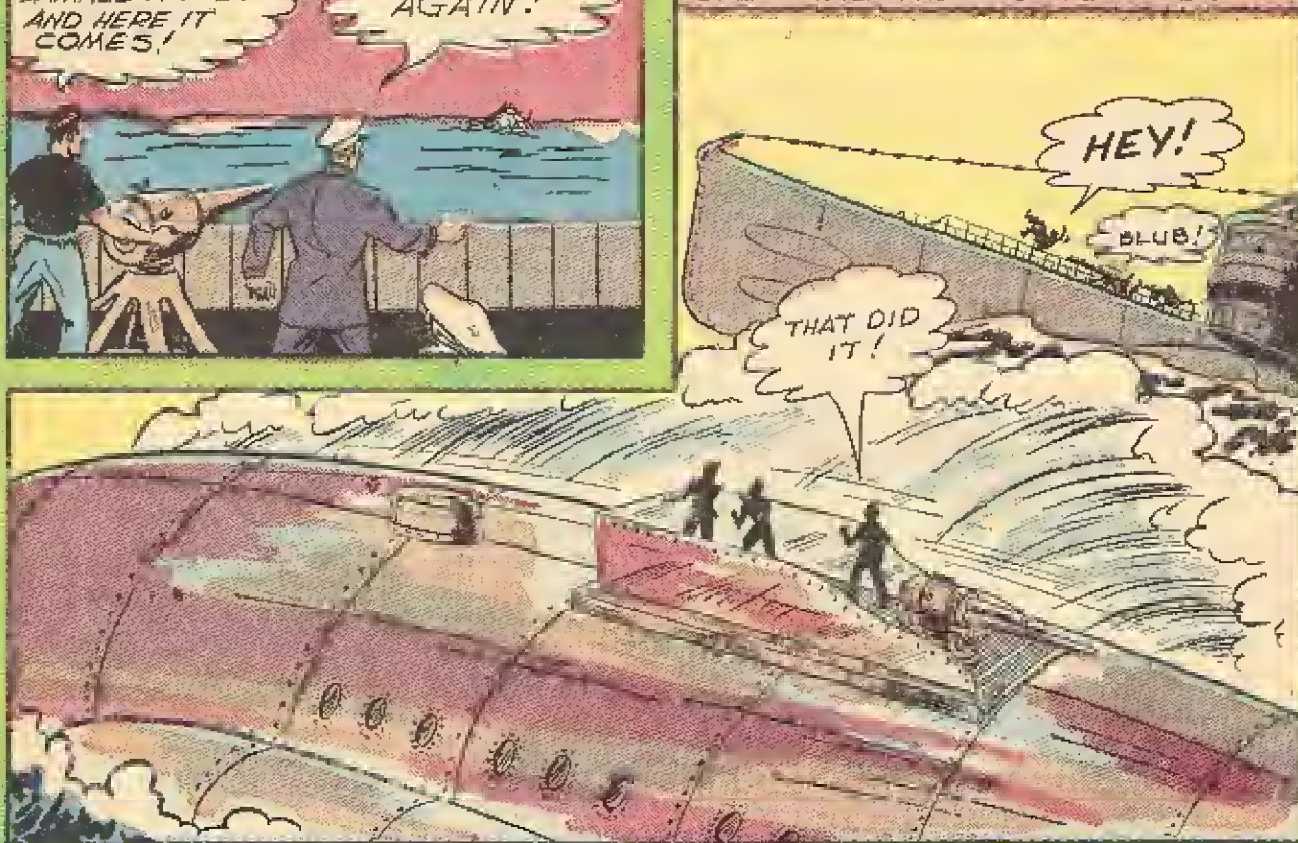


WHAT KIND OF CRAFT CAN THAT BE? THE SHELL DIDN'T EVEN DAMAGE IT! -- AND HERE IT COMES!

STOP WASTING TIME WITH TALK! SHELL IT AGAIN!



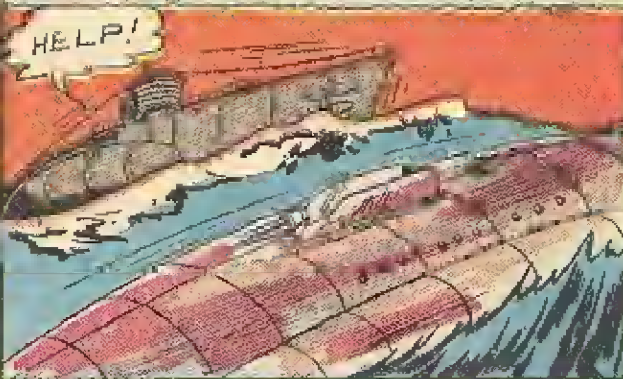
THE PHANTOM SUB HEADS DIRECTLY FOR SOOKA'S SUB - THEN SUDDENLY SWERVES TO ONE SIDE THROWING A GIGANTIC SWELL WHICH ENGULFS THE RAIDER !



THE PHANTOM SUB NOW DIVES UNDER THE RAIDER, AND --



--JUST AS SOOKA AND HIS CREW ARE RECOVERING FROM THE FIRST DRENCHING, SUBJECT THEM TO ANOTHER !!!

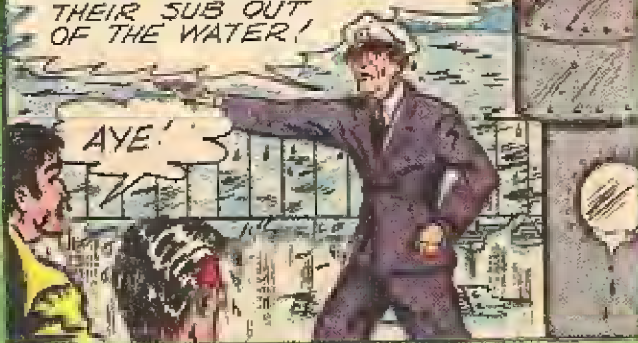




DRIPPING WET, SOOKA'S ANGER GROWS!

THEY CAN'T MAKE A FOOL OUT OF ME AND LIVE! BLAST THEIR SUB OUT OF THE WATER!

AYE!



AT SOOKA'S ORDERS, THE SUBS CONVERGE ON THE PHANTOM SUB IN A MASS ATTACK!

ALL FIRE WHEN I GIVE THE ORDER!



**FIRE!**

**HEY!** THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

BOOM!

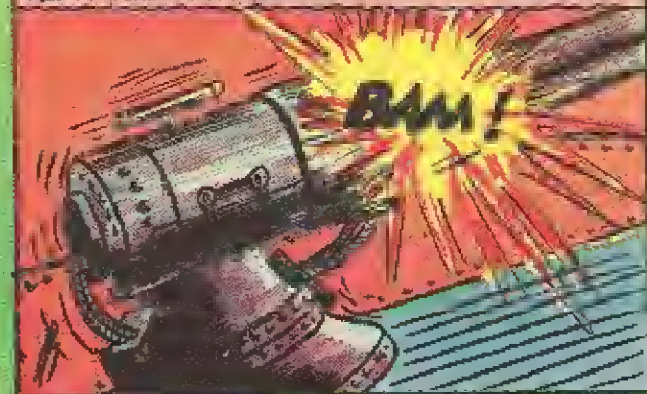
BAM!

FURIOUSLY, SOOKA ORDERS CONTINUOUS FIRE, UNTIL, FINALLY-----



--TWO WELL DIRECTED SHOTS ALMOST TEAR THE WATER-GUN OFF THE PHANTOM!

**BAM!**

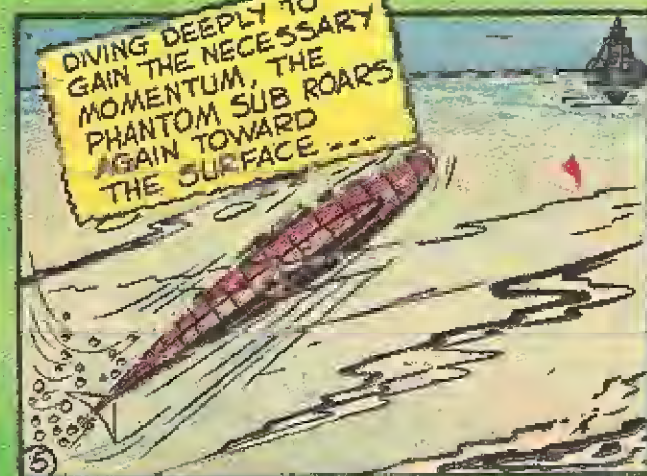


**WOW!** THEY GOT US THAT TIME... THE WATER-GUN IS DISABLED!

WE DON'T NEED THE GUN TO FIGHT BIRDS LIKE THAT--- WATCH THIS!



DIVING DEEPLY TO GAIN THE NECESSARY MOMENTUM, THE PHANTOM SUB ROARS AGAIN TOWARD THE SURFACE---



-AND IN A DARING MANEUVER, LEAPS RIGHT OVER THE AMAZED COMMANDER SOOKA'S SUB! THEN...

**HA!** I'D LIKE TO SEE HIS FACE NOW!





WITH TERRIFIC SPEED THE PHANTOM SUB SWIRLS IN AND AROUND THE INVADERS - COMPLETELY BEWILDERING THEM.



THE AMAZING ANTICS OF THE PHANTOM SUB CONVINCE COMMANDER SOOKA THAT HE IS AT A LOSS TO COPE WITH IT -

SUBMERGE AND RETURN TO BASE! THAT OTHER FREIGHTER IS TOO FAR AHEAD FOR US TO CATCH NOW!



THE GUN CREWS GO DIZZY TRYING TO HIT IT!



AW, WHAT'S THE USE! WE CAN'T HIT WHAT WE CAN'T SEE!

THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY, JACK! SHALL WE CHASE THEM?

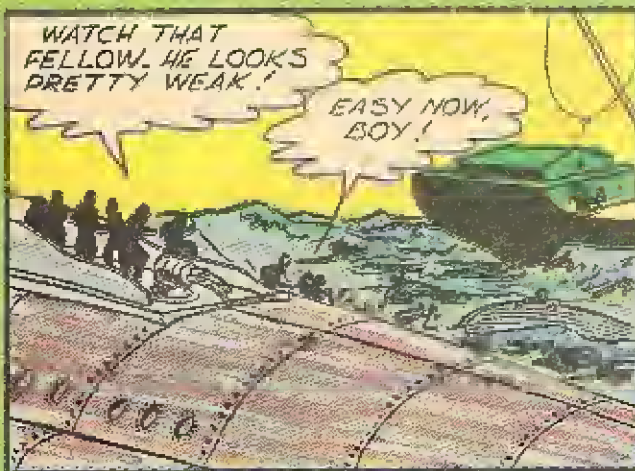
WE'LL HAVE TO LET THEM GO FOR NOW, SLIM, WE'VE GOT TO PICK UP THOSE SHIPWRECKED MEN!



WHILE UP ON DECK ON THE PHANTOM SUB - -

WATCH THAT FELLOW, HE LOOKS PRETTY WEAK!

EASY NOW, BOY!



THE PHANTOM SUB QUICKLY OVERTAKES THE SECOND FREIGHTER AND THE SHIPWRECKED MEN ARE PUT SAFELY ABOARD -

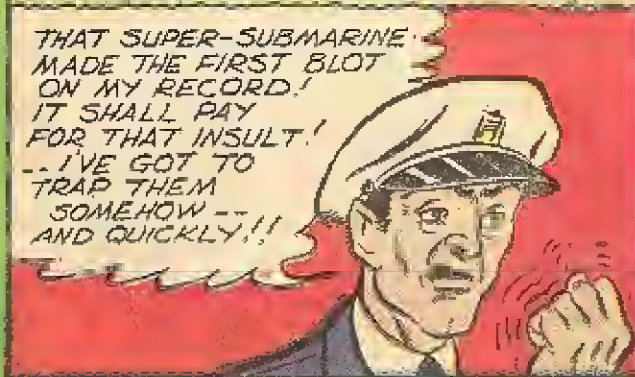
WELL, JACK, WE'VE SAVED THESE MEN, BUT I WISH WE COULD HAVE FOLLOWED THOSE RATS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!

YES, SLIM, BUT I'VE A FEELING WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF THOSE SUBS!



AND JACK IS QUITE RIGHT!! - IN THE SAFETY OF HIS HIDEOUT ON THE CAY, COMMANDER SOOKA FUMES WITH RAGE!

THAT SUPER-SUBMARINE MADE THE FIRST BLOT ON MY RECORD! IT SHALL PAY FOR THAT INSULT! - I'VE GOT TO TRAP THEM SOMEHOW - - AND QUICKLY!!



WHAT SCHEME WILL THE MADDENED SOOKA DEVISE TO TRAP THE **PHANTOM SUB?** ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S **BLUE BOLT!**



# SUB-ZERO



SUB-ZERO IS OUT FOR A RIDE IN HIS ROADSTER WHEN---

GANGWAY! SLOW POKE!

HEY! I'M OVERTURNING!

SUB-ZERO IS HURLED OUT OF HIS AUTOMOBILE!

I'D BETTER FREEZE... FAST!

I'D RATHER HAVE THE SIDE-WALK CRACK, THAN ME! NOW, TOGET THAT ROAD HOG!





SHEDDING HIS ICE  
HE LEAPS TO HIS FEET!

I'LL BLAST HIM TO BITS!  
NO, I CAN'T... I MIGHT  
WRECK THOSE TWO  
CARS BEHIND  
HIM!

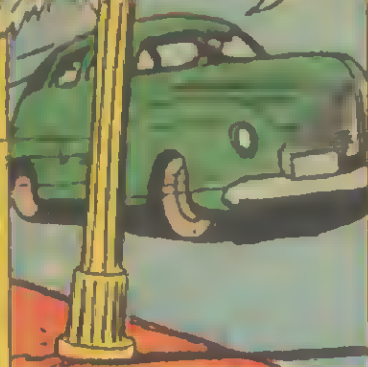


BUT I MIGHT TRY THAT  
ELECTRIC LIGHT  
POLE AHEAD  
OF HIM!



CRACK!

WHAT  
THE?



WAAAAH

BAM!

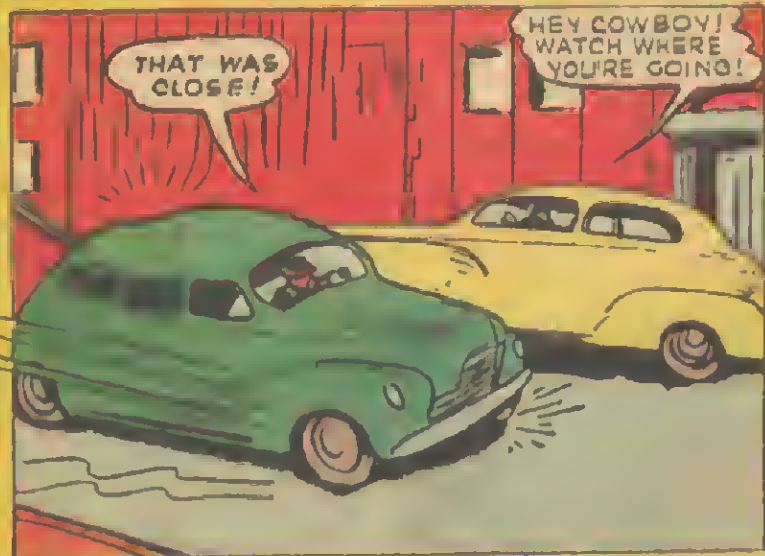


SHE'S ON TWO WHEELS!  
BUT MAYBE I CAN  
RIGHT HER!

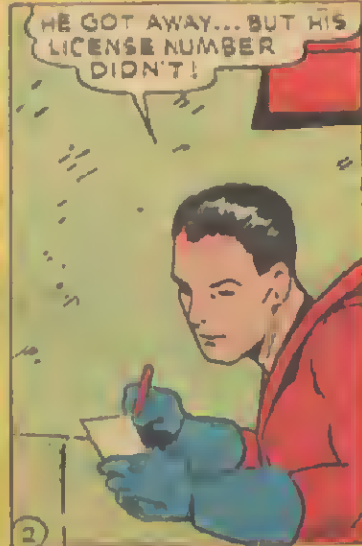


THAT WAS  
CLOSE!

HEY COWBOY!  
WATCH WHERE  
YOU'RE GOING!



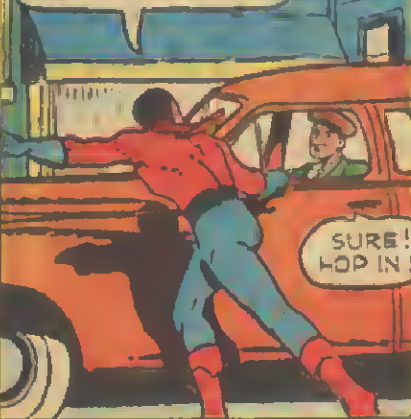
HE GOT AWAY... BUT HIS  
LICENSE NUMBER  
DIDN'T!





**SUB-ZERO STOPS A MOTORIST...**

GIVE ME A RIDE, MISTER? AFTER THAT GREEN CAR... IT CAUSED ME TO CRACK UP!



SURE!  
HOP IN!

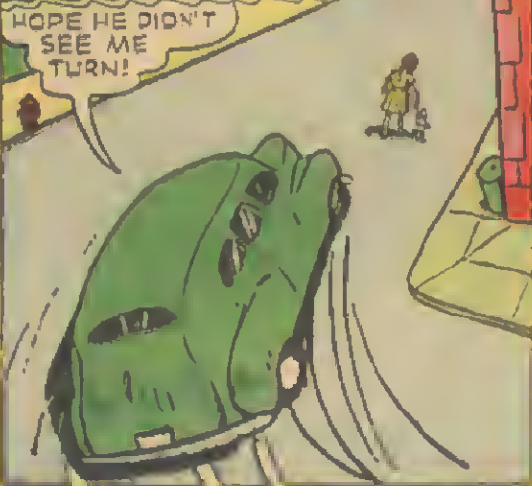
**THE TWO CARS SNAKE IN AND OUT OF TRAFFIC!**



MR. FREEZO'S  
STILL ON MY TAIL!  
I'LL TURN OFF THE  
HIGHWAY....

**THE GREEN CAR SWINGS INTO A SIDE STREET.**

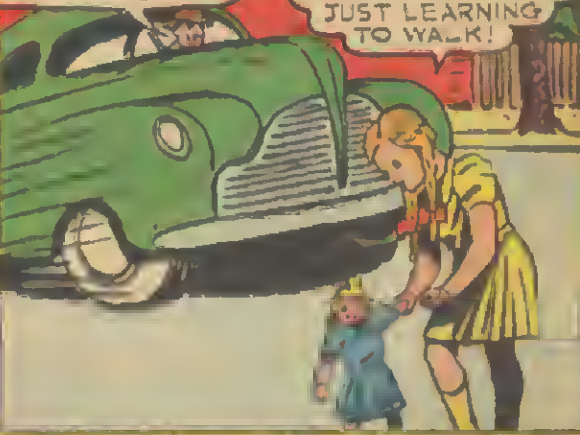
HOPE HE DIDN'T  
SEE ME  
TURN!



**A CHILD IS PLAYING IN THE STREET WHERE THE FUGITIVE CAR ROARS DOWN!**

IT'M GOING TOO  
FAST TO STOP!

BE CAREFUL, DOLLY!  
REMEMBER, YOU'RE  
JUST LEARNING  
TO WALK!



AIEEE!

MARY!  
LOOK  
OUT!



**A PITIFUL HEAP LIES IN THE CUTTER!**

STOP! SHE'S GOT TO  
GO TO THE HOSPITAL!  
OH...HE'S GOING!  
THE HEARTLESS  
WRETCH!

SORRY, LADY!  
BUT I'M  
IN A HURRY!





**Manlyfile**

GUESS WE  
LOST HIM!

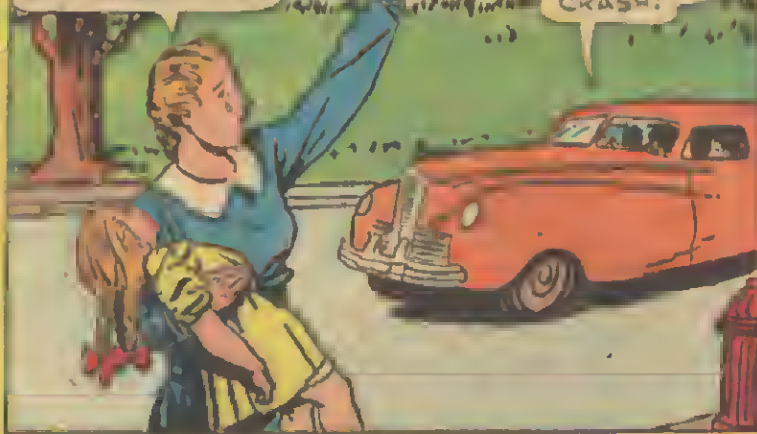
YES!  
SAY...WHAT'S  
THAT? SOUNDS  
LIKE A CHILD  
MOANING!



5 SUB-ZERO AND THE MOTOR ST ENTER THE SIDE STREET.

HELP! MY BABY IS UNCON-  
SCIOUS! SHE WAS HIT  
BY A GREEN CAR!

THE SAME RAT  
WHO MADE ME  
CRASH!

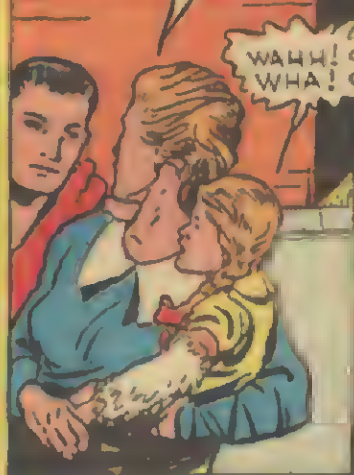


HER ARM'S CUT! HOLD UP  
HER ARM.....FREEZING  
WILL STOP THE BLEEDING!



IT DID! THANK YOU,  
MISTER!

WAAA!  
WHA!



WE'D BETTER TAKE HER TO  
A HOSPITAL...SHE MAY  
BE INJURED INTERNALLY!

SURE! HERE! GO  
WITH THE NICE MAN,  
MARY...HE WON'T  
HURT YOU!



THE CAR HEADS FOR  
A HOSPITAL!

THE POOR TYKE'S ASLEEP!  
GUESS THE ICE NUMBED  
HER PAIN!



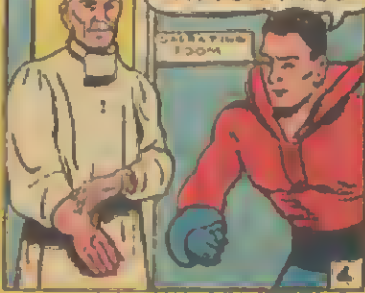
THANKS FOR THE RIDE...  
NOW TO GET THIS CHILD  
TO A DOCTOR!



LATER...

THAT ICE TOURNIQUET OF  
YOURS PREVENTED HER  
FROM BLEEDING TO DEATH,  
BUT IT WILL TAKE WEEKS TO  
HEAL HER OTHER INJURIES!

I'LL MAKE THAT  
HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER  
PAY FOR THIS!





**SUB-ZERO HURRIES TO A PHONE BOOTH!**

POLICE HEADQUARTERS?  
THIS IS SUB-ZERO REPORT-  
ING A HIT AND RUN DRIVER!  
GREEN SEDAN... LICENSE  
NUMBER  
G.B.E. 1177  
ETC!



**THE MACHINERY OF THE LAW STARTS HUMMING!**

CALLING ALL CARS!  
WANTED FOR HIT AND  
RUN... GREEN CAR... REGIS-  
TRATION NUMBER IS  
G.B.E. 1177...



**SUB-ZERO GOES TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS!**

HELLO LIEUTENANT! ANY  
NEWS ON THAT GREEN CAR?

YES... A MAN INSIDE  
NAMED FRANK ROWEN  
JUST REPORTED IT  
MISSING. GOIN.



THIS IS MR. ROWEN, OWNER  
OF THE CAR AND HIS  
FRIEND, MR. KEEFE!

SOMEONE  
STOLE IT WHILE  
I VISITED KEEFE!

THAT'S  
RIGHT!



I'D GIVE A MILLION TO  
CATCH THE RAT!

I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED  
IF ROWEN WAS THE ONE!  
BUT I COULDN'T  
SWEAR TO IT!



SOMETHING TELLS ME TO  
FOLLOW THOSE BIRDS!



**SUB-ZERO HIRES A TAXI...  
FOLLOW THAT CAR!**

RIGHT,  
BOSS!





SEEN KEEFE'S CAR PARKED IN FRONT OF A HOUSE, SUB-ZERO ALIGHTS FROM THE CAR AND...

GEE THANKS!

THE WAY YOU SUPPORTED MY ALIBI WAS WORTH IT!

ALIBI... EH? I THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK IN THE REAR OF THE HOUSE!

AS SUB-ZERO GOES TO THE REAR YARD...

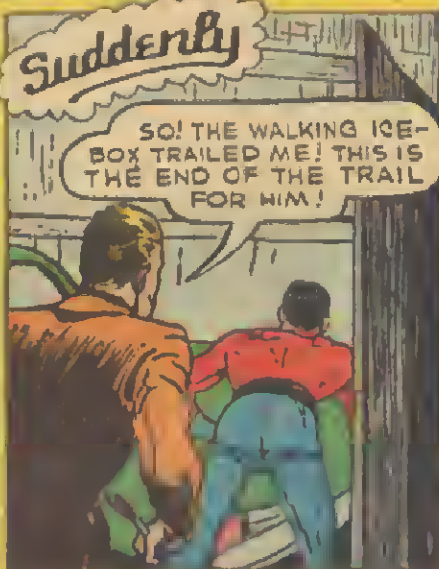
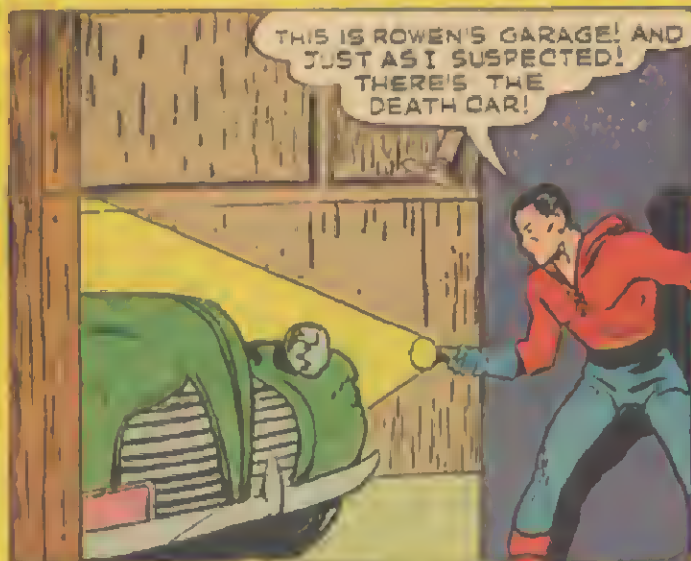
THAT'S THAT! I SURE DID OUTSMART THAT SUB-ZERO GUY WITH THE YARN OF THE STOLEN CAR! HAH! HAH!



THIS IS ROWEN'S GARAGE! AND JUST AS I SUSPECTED! THERE'S THE DEATH CAR!

**Suddenly**

SO! THE WALKING ICE-BOX TRAILED ME! THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR HIM!



YOW!

TRY FREEZING THIS ONE!

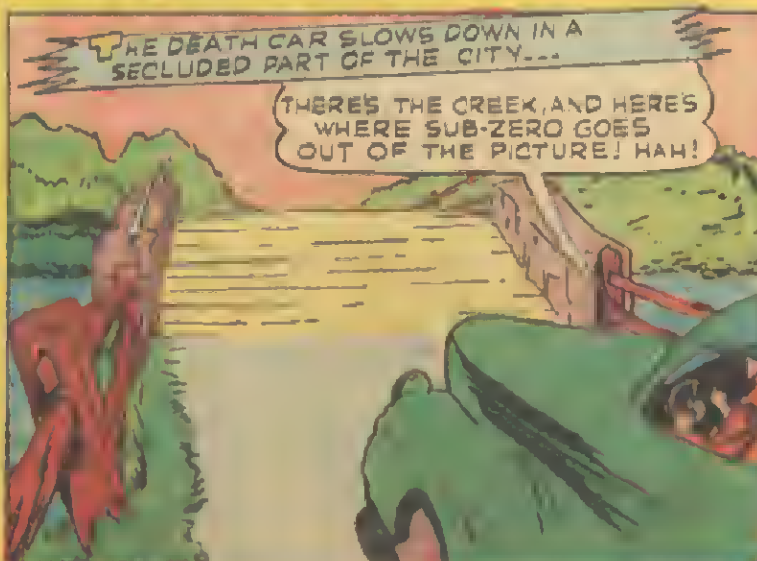


THE UNCONSCIOUS SUB-ZERO IS TOSSED IN THE BACK SEAT OF ROWEN'S CAR!

NOW TO GET RID OF HIM AND THE CAR AT THE SAME TIME! THE CAR IS TOO HOT TO HAVE AROUND...









BROWN LEAPS FROM THE CAR AND IT  
CRASHES THROUGH THE GUARD RAIL!



THE COPS WILL NEVER  
FIND HIM! HAH HAH!

AS THE CAR PLUNGES DOWN  
WATER POURS IN AND REVIVES  
THE TRAPPED SUB-ZERO!



WHAT THE!  
I'LL HAVE TO WORK  
TO GET OUT OF  
THIS!

AN ICE WALLED  
CHAMBER.... THAT  
OUGHT TO KEEP THE  
WATER OUT AND GIVE  
ME ENOUGH AIR TO  
BREATHE FOR  
A WHILE.



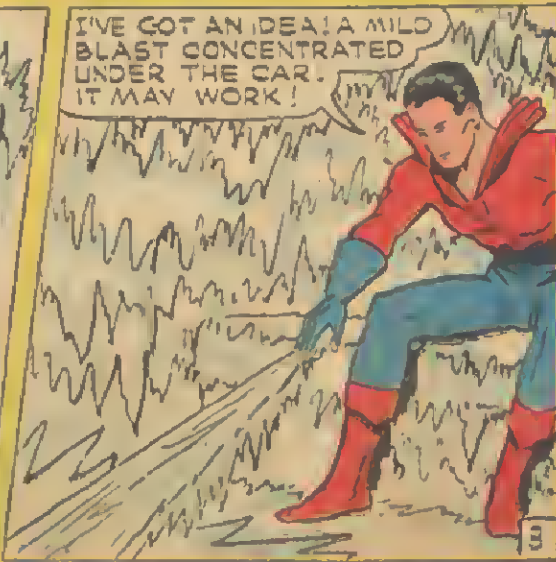
WE'VE HIT BOTTOM!  
I COULD BLAST THIS  
CAR TO BITS...BUT...



...I'D NEED SO MUCH COLD  
TO DO IT, THAT THE CREEK  
WOULD FREEZE OVER...THEN  
I'D BE STUCK FOR GOOD!



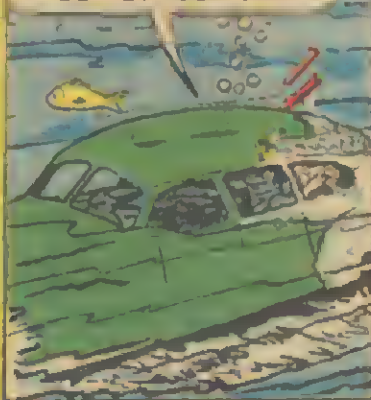
I'VE GOT AN IDEA! A MILD  
BLAST CONCENTRATED  
UNDER THE CAR.  
IT MAY WORK!





THE CONTINUED CONCENTRATION OF COLD CAUSES ICE TO FORM UNDER THE CAR...

IT'S BETTER MERRY...NOT MUCH OXYGEN LEFT...



SLOWLY THE ICE BLOCK RISES...

GOING UP.



THE CAR BREAKS THE SURFACE AND SUB-ZERO PERMITS THE "ICE WALLED" CHAMBER TO THAW!

WHEW! ANOTHER MINUTE AND I WOULD HAVE SUFFOCATED!



HE FREEZES A PATH OF ICE TO THE SHORE!

NOW TO CATCH UP WITH MR. ROWEN!



BOORING!

KEEP! LET ME IN! IT'S IMPORTANT!



WHO IS IT?

ROWEN OPENS THE DOOR!

SUB-ZERO! IN EX-NO! IT CAN'T BE! I ACTUALLY SAW YOU DROWN! TWO SECONDS FLAT, ROWEN, I'M GOING TO PROVE I'M NO GHOST!



HERE! I HOPE THIS ONE CONVINCES YOU...OR DO I HAVE TO SHOW YOU FURTHER PROOF? NOW YOU'RE GOING TO HEADQUARTERS.

YEOW! I BELIEVE YOU!



LATER...AT HEADQUARTERS.

ROWEN AND KEEFE CONFESSED, AND THAT COP ROWEN RAN DOWN SENDS HIS REGARDS FROM THE HOSPITAL! YOU DID A SWELL JOB!

I CAN'T THINK OF A GREATER PLEASURE THAN PUTTING A HIT AND RUN DRIVER BEHIND BARS!



**FURTHER ADVENTURES OF SUB-ZERO IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT**



# SUBMERSIVE ACTIVITIES

AN EDISON BELL ADVENTURE

By  
Ray Gill



**W**HAT would you call that thing?" Jerry, Edison Bell's best pal, laughed at the sight of the strange contraption Eddie was working on. "It looks like a cross between a midget's steam yacht and a rowboat builder's dream ship!"

"Well," Eddie laughed good-naturedly, "you've almost named it. It's a converted rowboat all right—made to look like the S.S. Southern Wind . . . the ship that sails to the South Seas."

"Oh, I see . . . wishful thinking about winning

that cruise, eh?"

"That's right," Eddie smiled and went back to work putting the final paint job on the trim looking, "life size" model. "If I don't win the cruise—I'll still be able to sail the seas in the S.S. Southern Wind!"

"Always making something, aren't you?" Jerry put his hands in his pockets and leaned against the garage door where Eddie was working. He was a little jealous of his friend's constructive efforts.



Jerry eyed the model from stern to stern — taking in every detail, feeling more and more the desire to make something that would be as good . . . and even better than Eddie's. "I'll be seeing you, Pal," Jerry suddenly broke into a run across the lawn. "I think I'll put the finishing touches on a little boat I've been building on the side!"

Eddie looked up from his work at the sight of Jerry hurdling the hedges and continuing up the street toward his house. "What's gotten into him all of a sudden? I've never seen him act so strangely." With a shrug of his shoulders, Eddie went back to his painting.

Soon the model was finished and Eddie loaded it on his home made bike-trailer. And, after a pleasant ride to the bay, was soon cutting the blue-green waters with the S.S. Southern Wind, Jr.!

Meanwhile, Jerry, intent on outdoing Eddie's efforts, threw together nothing less than a workable submarine! His masterpiece looked strangely like an overturned bathtub—lined on either side by two old kitchen water boilers! As a matter of fact—that's exactly what it was!

"**A** H. CAPTAIN of my own vessel!" Jerry swelled with pride. "And if it sinks, all good and well . . . for that's the function of a submarine!"

He found it a bit harder to launch his boat than did Eddie, however, it wasn't long before the "S. Scrapiron" also disturbed the surface of the peaceful bay.

Stripping to his bathing trunks, which he had worn under his regular clothes, Jerry dove into the water, and came up under the open bottom of the bathtub-conning tower. The principal of the diving apparatus was much on the order of a real submarine.

Jerry had fashioned a system whereby he would get his boat to submerge by letting water into the boilers. He intended to raise the submarine to the surface again by pumping the water out by means of a hand air pump—however, he had yet to learn that this was an impossibility!

The air stayed in the bath tub much in the same way that the air in an inverted glass displaces the water in a basin, for example.

Well, everything in order, Jerry dove under his submarine and propelled it, using his hands and feet, toward the place where he had seen Eddie and the S.S. Southern Wind, Jr. Slowly, Jerry allowed the water of the bay to displace the air in the ballast tanks, and the S. Scrapiron gurgled beneath the surface of the bay!

But, back to Eddie. He's been having a slight bit of trouble with a boat load of local wise guys. They've cut pretty close to his craft with their bulky outboard motorboat, causing Eddie no end

of trouble. He's been doing more bailing than paddling—much to the glee of his annoyers.

This last time, having nearly spilled Eddie into the water, he rose to his feet and told them off. They accepted his "challenge" and roared away in preparation to ramming him directly!

"Omigosh!" Jerry's own voice sounded loud and fantastic to him as he exclaimed over what he saw through his complicated, and many angled periscope. He had seen, from his submerged position near Eddie's boat, what was going to happen . . . and vainly tried to come to the surface to both warn and help his friend. Eddie's back was to this new attack!

The air was fast being used up in the improvised submarine, and Jerry struggled to force the water out with the air through his hand pump. However, a combination of things happened. First, the air for the pump had only one place to come from . . . and that was his personal supply from inside his diving-bell bathtub!

Secondly, the air was not replacing the water in the ballast tanks . . . but was escaping in a trail of telltale bubbles! And, to further harass our hero, this escaping air made the submarine less buoyant . . . making the sub sink deeper and deeper!

Meanwhile the heavy motorboat plowed through the water directly toward Eddie's model ship! Intent on bailing the water out of the boat from the last encounter, he didn't see the motorboat until it was almost too late!

Only a few feet away, now, Eddie was forced to abandon ship and dive overboard. Still, this would not save him, for he, himself, was now in front of the oncoming boat!

**S**UDDENLY the motor boat, only a few feet away from the S.S. Southern Wind, Jr., seemed to leap out of the water—its front ripped wide open! It seems that Jerry's submarine had come between the two boats—and, being underwater, served as a dead-end for the motorboat!

The crash threw Jerry out of the water as the sub turned turtle, and he landed close by the very much amazed Edison Bell!

"Where did you come from?" Eddie asked, as he pulled Jerry over to the safety of the S.S. Southern Wind, Jr. . . . "And what on earth was that contraption the motorboat hit?" Eddie laughed at the chance to get back at Jerry for his ridiculing the ship model.

"Don't rub it in, Pal," Jerry took a deep breath of fresh air. "I've just learned that it takes a lot more experience than I've got to make a submarine come up again—after you've once made it sink!"

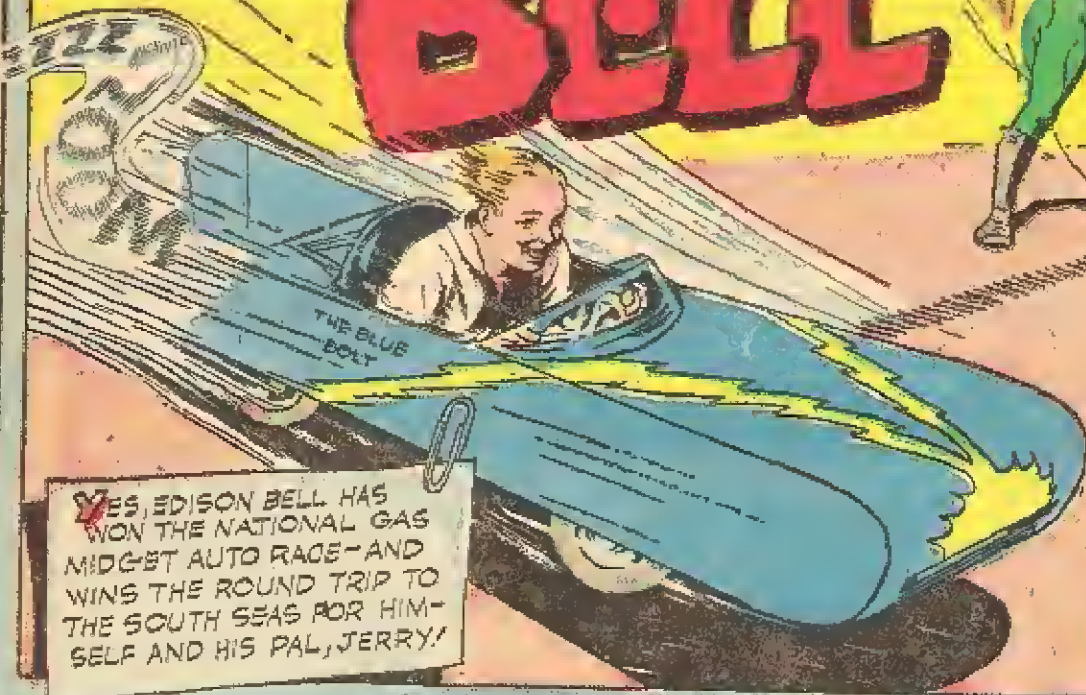
"Good boy," Eddie slapped him on the back. "Stay away from submarines and matches and you'll never get your fingers burnt!"

THE END



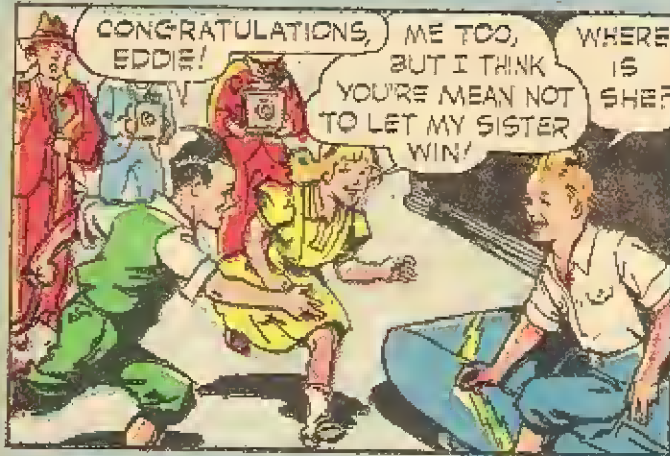
# Edison BELL

YIPPEEE!  
PAGO-PAGO,  
HERE WE  
COME!



YES, EDISON BELL HAS  
WON THE NATIONAL GAS  
MIDGET AUTO RACE-AND  
WINS THE ROUND TRIP TO  
THE SOUTH SEAS FOR HIM-  
SELF AND HIS PAL, JERRY!

by  
RAY GILL  
AND  
HAROLD  
DELAY

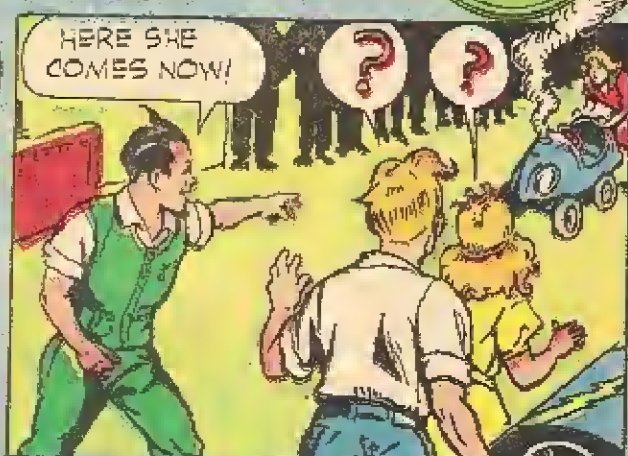


CONGRATULATIONS,  
EDDIE!

ME TOO,

WHERE  
IS SHE?

BUT I THINK  
YOU'RE MEAN NOT  
TO LET MY SISTER  
WIN!



HERE SHE  
COMES NOW!

?

?

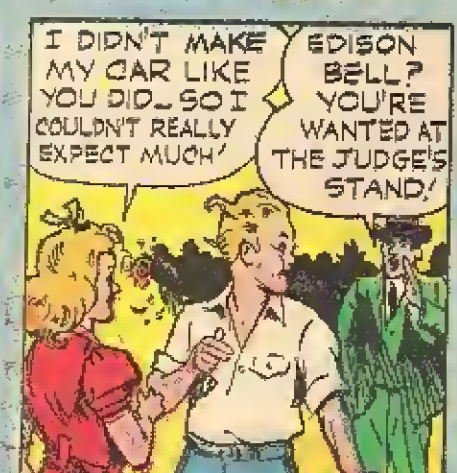


SEEMS LIKE MY DAD  
BOUGHT ME A STEAM  
ENGINE INSTEAD  
OF A GAS BUGGY,  
GANG.. SO I  
GET THE  
BOOBY  
PRIZE.



I'M GLAD I WON,  
ALL RIGHT, BUT  
STILL.. I'M SORTA  
SORRY YOU  
DIDN'T!

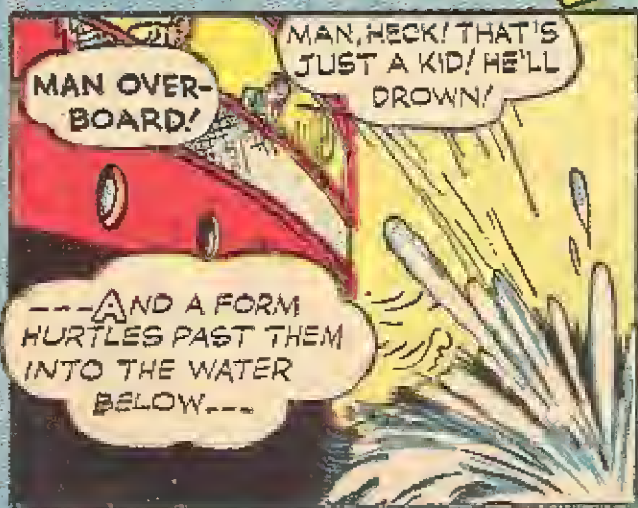
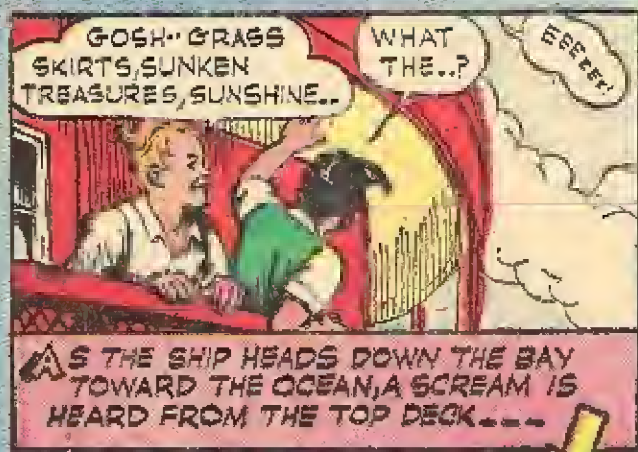
SKIP IT,  
PAL...  
YOU  
WON  
FAIR AND  
SQUARE!



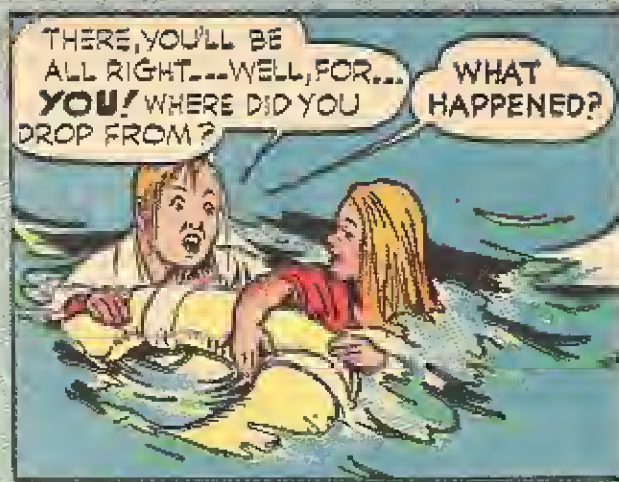
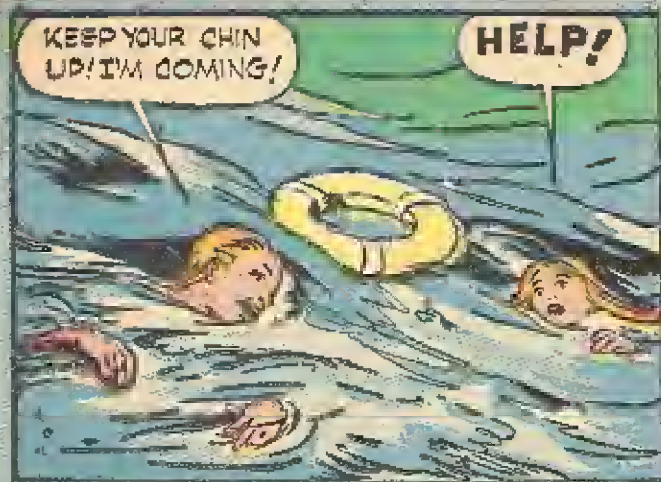
I DIDN'T MAKE  
MY CAR LIKE  
YOU DID.. SO I  
COULDN'T REALLY  
EXPECT MUCH!

EDISON  
BELL?  
YOU'RE  
WANTED AT  
THE JUDGE'S  
STAND!











# EDISON BELL'S

**LIFE  
SIZE**

## Model of the S.S. SOUTHERN WIND

**HEY, GANG! LOOK WHAT EDDIE'S DREAMED UP! AN HONEST-TO-GOODNESS LIFE SIZE MODEL OF AN OCEAN LINER! TO MAKE S.S. SOUTHERN WIND, JR., SIMPLY CONVERT AN OLD ROWBOAT BY BUILDING ON A PADDLE-WHEEL, AND BUILDING IN A SUPER-STRUCTURE OF PLYWOOD AND OTHER ODD SCRAPS. MOST IMPORTANT THING IS TO MAKE THE PADDLE WHEEL BOX WATERTIGHT!**

FALSE  
STERN

ROWBOAT

STOVE PIPE

PLYWOOD BOX  
SUPERSTRUCTURE

CANOE  
SEAT

PILOT  
WHEEL

EXTRA WOODEN  
PIECES

RUDDER

PADDLE WHEEL

CANOPY OVER  
THE FALSE STERN,  
TO THE BACK  
OF THE SEAT.

LIFE BOATS, ETC.  
MAY BE ADDED  
FROM TIME TO  
TIME.

PORT HOLES  
AND OTHER  
SMALL DE-  
TAILS ARE  
PAINTED ON.

STEERING IS CONTROL-  
LED BY THE PILOT  
WHEEL, WITH CORD  
THROUGH BRASS EYE-  
LETS, TO THE RUD-  
DER BAR. CORD IS  
WOUND ON SPINDLE  
ON PILOT WHEEL.

THE FALSE STERN IS MADE OUT OF  
TWO HALF ROUND BOARDS AND A  
STRIP OF TIN. THIS HOLDS THE  
RUDDER BAR—THRU HOLES.

TINY FLAGS  
AND OTHER  
DECORATIONS  
WILL ADD TO  
THE FINAL  
EFFECT!

PADDLES

PEDALS

BOX

MOTIVE POWER

THE "MOTOR" CONSISTS OF A FOUR BLADED  
WOODEN PADDLE WHEEL—PROPELLED BY  
TWO FOOT PEDALS—AND SET IN A  
WATER TIGHT "CENTER BOX" THAT IS  
BUILT THRU THE BOAT'S BOTTOM—

PADDLE BOX  
DETAIL—  
INTERIOR.

Edison



# 22 **WHITE RIDER** and **SUPER HORSE**

THE PATH OF THE WHITE RIDER AND HIS GREAT COMPANION, SUPERHORSE, CROSSES THAT OF A WAGON TRAIN TRAVELING IN FRANTIC HASTE...

AREN'T YOU DRIVING YOUR HORSES TOO FAST? THEY WON'T LAST LONG.

TAINT MY SAY—SO HOW THEY'RE DRIVEN. IT'S SHERIFF'S DOIN'S.

HE'S HELPIN' DRIVE US OFFEN OUR LAND!

YOU'LL FIND HIM BACK THAR IF'N HE AINT DESERTED TUH HIS FRIEND, DON AMEJO!

DON AMEJO? WE'LL LOOK INTO THIS... COME ON CLOUD!

SHERIFF... THESE FOLKS SAY YOU'RE TURNING THEM OFF THEIR LAND!

I BE, AN' MYSELF ALONG 'EM! THE LAW SAYS WE GOT NO RIGHT TUH THE LAND, AN' WE'RE GITTIN' OFF!

LAW, NOTHIN'! DON AMEJO RID INTUH TOWN, AN' TOLD US THE MAN WE BOUGHT THE LAND FROM NEVER OWNED IT. HE SAYS IT STILL BELONGS TUH HIM!

HE HAD PAPERS TO PROVE IT!



"IT AIN'T RIGHT  
TO TURN US OUT  
JUST WHEN WE'RE  
READY TUH GIT  
OUR CROPS!"

I HAD TO GIVE  
UP MY CROPS  
TOO!

ARGUING  
WON'T FIX  
THINGS, BUB,  
YOU RIDE UP  
AHEAD AND  
STOP THE  
WAGONS!

HOLD ON, YUH  
CAIN'T GO AGIN  
THE LAW,  
STRANGER!

I'M NOT  
GOING TO.  
I'VE SEEN THIS  
TRICK PULLED  
BEFORE!

YUH THINK IT'S  
SOME KIND O'  
TRICK?

THERE'S WATER BACK  
OF THOSE TREES. CAMP  
THERE AND I'LL TELL  
YOU MORE IN THE  
MORNING!

WE'LL CAMP, STRANGER.  
BUT WHAT'S YER  
PLAN?

I'M GOING TO  
HAVE A TALK  
WITH DON  
AMEJO!

WE'RE NEARLY THERE,  
CLOUD. REMEMBER  
WHAT I TOLD YOU  
TO DO!

ONE COMES,  
DON AMEJO!

LET HEEM COME  
CLOSER, THEN  
WE CANNOT  
MISS!

BUT...  
DANGER  
LURKS  
AHEAD!

AND THE RIDER CHARGES STRAIGHT  
TOWARD THE AMBUSH---

GOT HEEM!  
--I THINK!

NOW!

CRACK!

BANG!

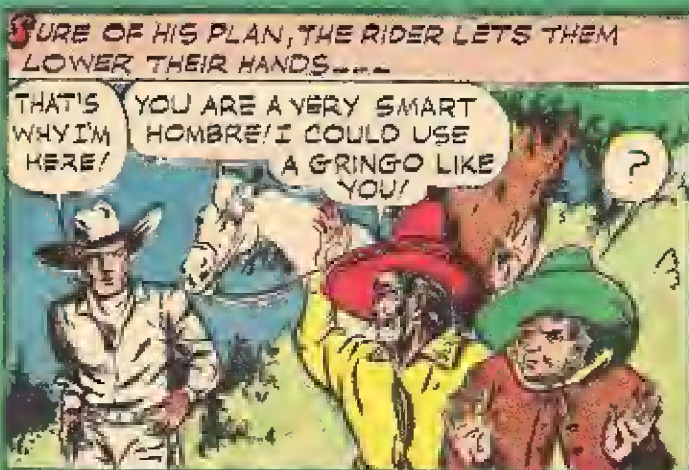




LOAD, QUICK! WE  
MUS' KEEL  
HEEM!

IT EES  
TOO LATE!

DROP  
YOUR  
GUNS!



SURE OF HIS PLAN, THE RIDER LETS THEM  
LOWER THEIR HANDS---

THAT'S  
WHY I'M  
HERE!

YOU ARE A VERY SMART  
HOMBRE! I COULD USE  
A GRINGO LIKE  
YOU!

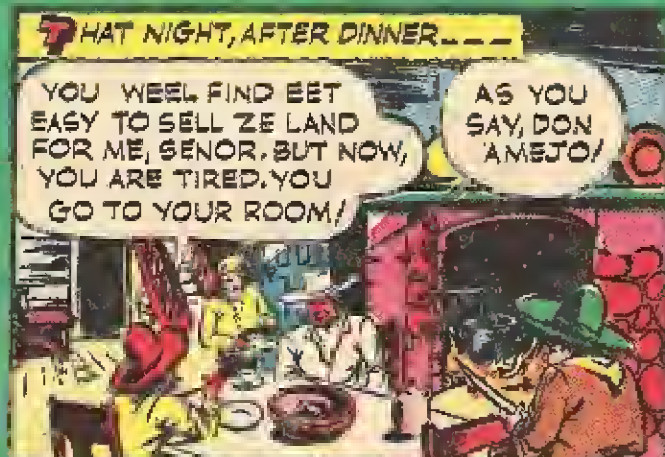
?



FIRST, WE HAVE  
ZE DINNER, ZEN  
WE TALK BUSINESS,  
MY FREN!

THE BUSINESS  
OF SELLING THE  
SAME LAND  
OVER AND  
OVER?

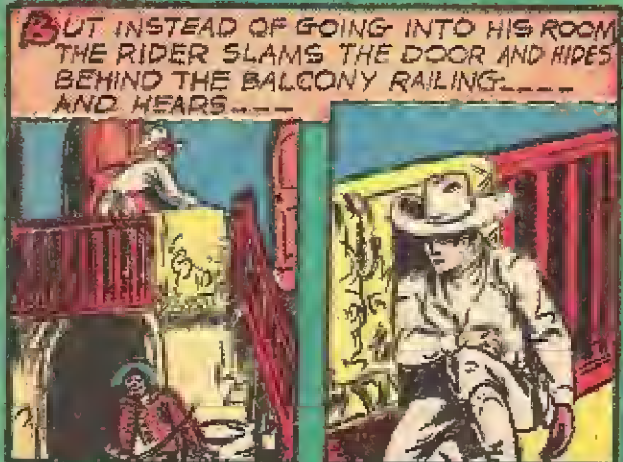
YOU  
KNOW  
ALMOS'  
TOO MUCH!



THAT NIGHT, AFTER DINNER---

YOU WEEL FIND EET  
EASY TO SELL ZE LAND  
FOR ME, SENOR. BUT NOW,  
YOU ARE TIRED. YOU  
GO TO YOUR ROOM!

AS YOU  
SAY, DON  
'AMEJO!



BUT INSTEAD OF GOING INTO HIS ROOM,  
THE RIDER SLAMS THE DOOR AND HIDES  
BEHIND THE BALCONY RAILING---  
AND HEARS---



ZE TYPE EES ALL  
SET TO PRINT  
ZE OFFICIAL  
NOTICES!

THEES GRINGO WEEL  
SELL THE LAND FOR  
US, ZEN WE KEEL  
HIM LIKE ZE REST!

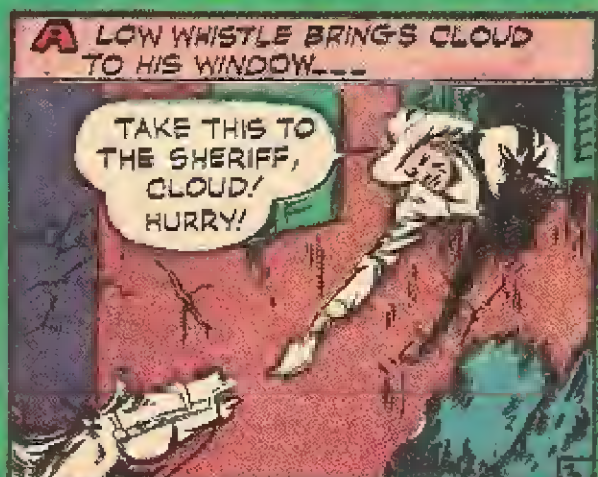


HE WILL USE THEES  
PAPERS AS DEEDS,  
AN' WHEN ZE NEW GRIN-  
GOS HAVE MADE A CROP,  
WE CHASE THEM OFF  
AN' GET ZE MONEY  
FOR ZE HARVEST!



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!  
I'LL SEND WORD BY  
CLOUD TO THE OTHERS

CAUTIOUSLY THE RIDER  
ENTERS HIS ROOM AND..



A LOW WHISTLE BRINGS CLOUD  
TO HIS WINDOW---

TAKE THIS TO  
THE SHERIFF,  
CLOUD!  
HURRY!



**B**UT OUTSIDE HIS DOOR, THE TWO SWINDLERS HEAR HIM GIVE CLOUD HIS ORDERS.



HE WEEL NEVER TELL WHAT HE HEAR!

YOU HEAR? I TELL YOU ZE GRINGO KNOW TOO MUCH!

**I**N TEND ON SENDING HIS MESSAGE, THE RIDER IS SURPRISED----



I CANNOT SHOOT ZE DEVIL-HORSE!

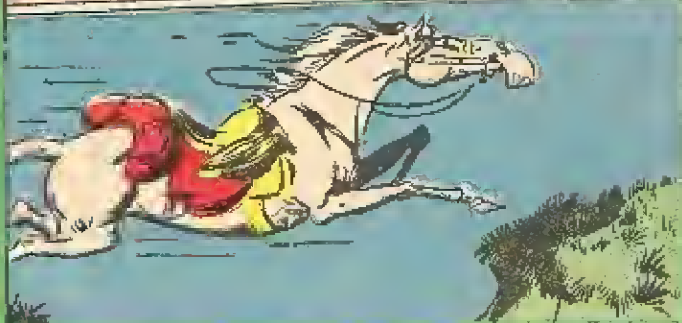
LET HEEM GO, WE TAK' CARE OF THEES TRAITOR NOW!

HEAT ZE SWORD WHITE-HOT. WE BLIND ZEES TRAITOR SO HIS EYES CAN SEE NO MORE!

IF I WERE LOOSE, I'D BRAND BOTH OF YOU WITH MY FISTS!



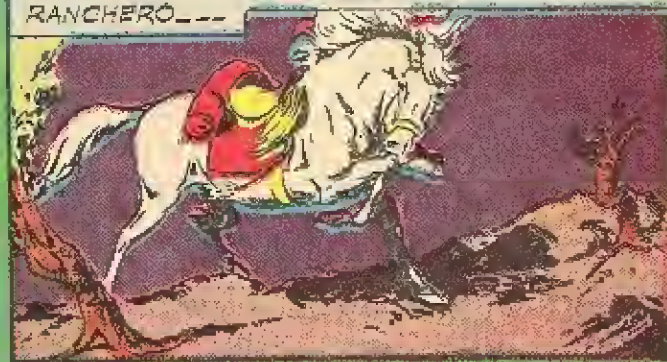
**M**EANWHILE, CLOUD TAKES DANGEROUS CHANCES IN ANSWER TO HIS MASTER'S COMMAND----



**A**ND IN HIS HASTE, HE SLIPS AND STRAINS A TENDON...



**T**HE GREAT HORSE, DRIPPLED, LIMPES ALONG THE TRAIL WHILE PEDRO'S SWORD GROWS WHITE-HOT IN THE FIREPLACE AT DON ANEJO'S RANCHERO----



**D**ISREGARDING THE RIDER'S ORDERS, THE SHERIFF HAS FOLLOWED WITH HIS MEN----



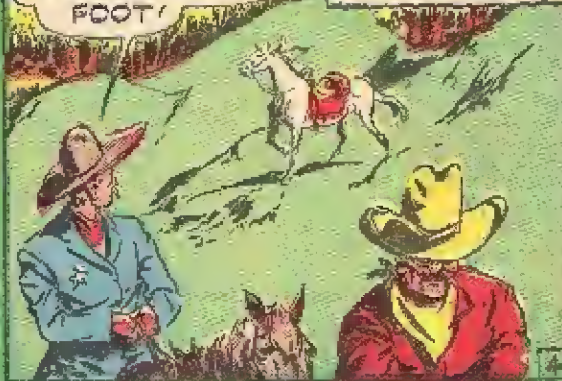
IT'S THE RIDER'S HORSE!

WHAT'S THE PAPER SAY?

WE'RE GOIN' TO HELP WHITE RIDER!

STAY THERE, WHITE HORS! YOU GOT TUH REST YORE FOOT!

**B**UT... CLOUD OBEYS ONLY HIS MASTER----





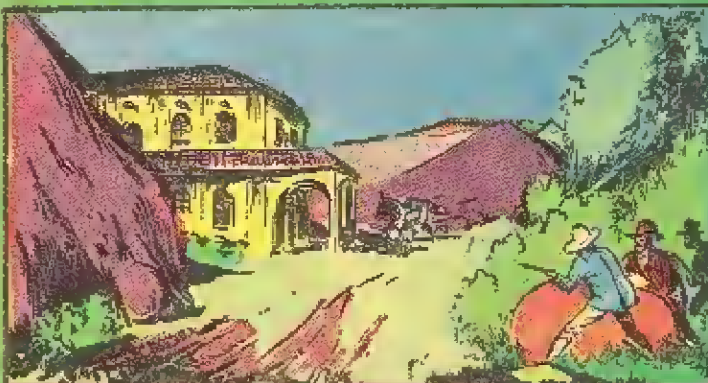
AS SOON AS THEY DISAPPEAR,  
HE TAKES THE SHORTER AND  
MORE DANGEROUS WAY---



ZE SWORD EES  
MOS' READY!



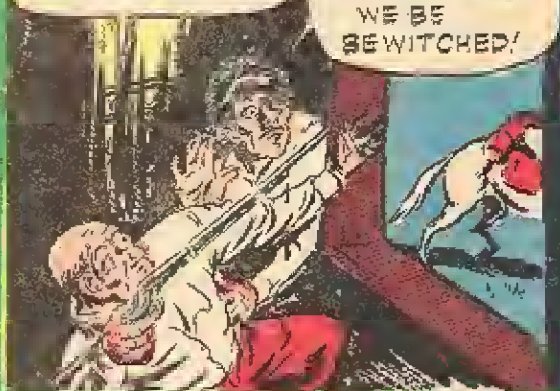
SENOR/ZE DIABLE/ BARZE  
VILLAGERS DOORS AN'  
COME! WINDOWS/ZEY  
MUS'NOT DIS-  
COVER ZE PRESS  
AN' ZE  
FALSE  
PAPERS!



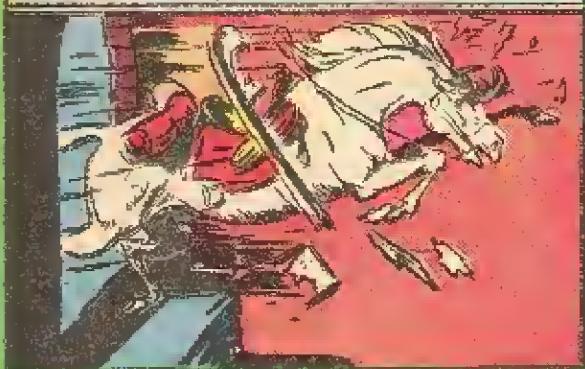
BUT...AMEJO RECKONS, FORGETTING THE  
GHOSTLY-LOOKING CLOUD---

A GHOST-HORSE/  
'EES A DEVIL!

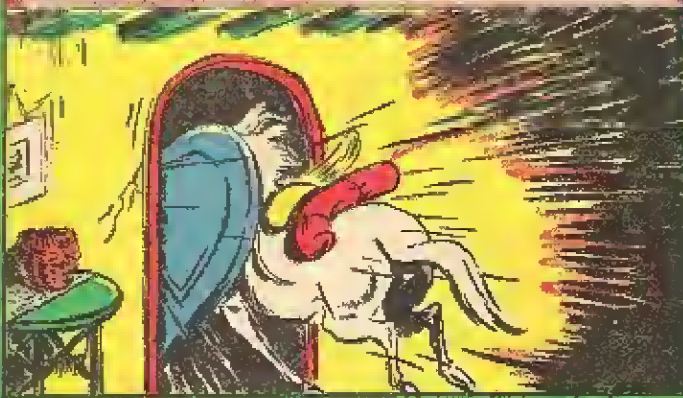
WE MUS' GET  
OUT OF HERE!  
WE BE  
SEWITCHED!



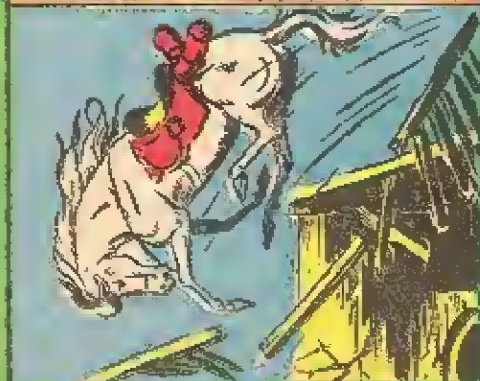
SILENCE... THE ONLY RESPONSE TO HIS  
WHINNY, CLOUD BREAKS INTO THE ROOM  
WHERE HE LAST SAW HIS MASTER---



AND... THROUGH THE DOOR INTO THE  
BALCONY!



BUT HIS SPEED IS TOO GREAT  
TO CHECK, AND HE PLUNGES  
THROUGH THE RAILING---



MY RIFLE/ I KEEL  
ZEM BOTH!

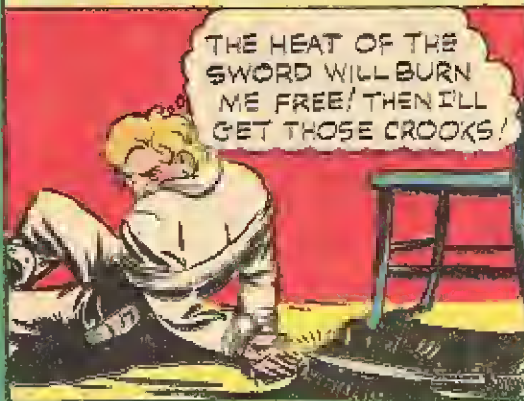
NO! NO!  
GO WHILE  
WE CAN. WE  
'AVE NO  
TIME!

CLOUD,  
CLOUD!





CLOUD STRIKES THE FLOOR AND LIES MOTIONLESS... WHILE...



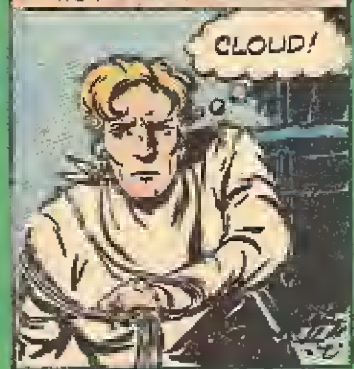
COME BACK, YOU FOOL!



I STOP FOR NO ONE. ZE GRINGOS COME!



THE RIDER, FREE, THINKS ONLY OF AVENGING HIS FALLEN HORSE...



I COME WHEN I KEEL THIS ACCURSED GRINGO WHO CAUSE THESS TROUBLE!



AND STRAIGHT FOR THE SPANIARD'S GUN WHOSE MUZZLE IS POINTING TOWARD HIM...



I-I DID NOTHING, S-SEÑOR!



-YOU CAUSED THE DEATH OF THE BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD. I'LL POUND YOUR HEAD THROUGH THE FLOOR!



?

RIDER, RIDER! CLOUD'S ALL RIGHT! HE'S JUST A MITE STUNNED!



AT THIS GOOD NEWS, WHITE RIDER DROPS ANEJO AND GOES TO SUPERHORSE.

CLOUD! BOY! SHERIFF, YOU TAKE CARE OF THESE CROOKS. I'M GOING TO TAKE CARE OF MY HORSE!



30- THE PLOT IS EXPOSED AND THE PEOPLE REGAIN THEIR LAND...





# OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

OLD CAP HAWKINS,  
RETIRED MARINER,  
TELLS HIS LITTLE PAL,  
JOEY... TALES  
OF GREAT  
AMERICAN  
TRADITIONS  
AND THE MEN  
WHO MADE THEM!



YES, SON, OUR GOVERNMENT  
HAS TAKEN OVER GREEN-  
LAND FOR OUR FUTURE  
SAFETY--UNDER THE GREAT  
PRINCIPLE OF THE MONROE  
DOCTRINE, WHICH SAYS....

**T**HE AMERICAN CONTINENTS ARE NOT  
SUBJECTS FOR FUTURE COLONI-  
ZATION BY EUROPEAN POWERS!

MONROE

MONROE FOUGHT THROUGH THE  
REVOLUTIONARY WAR...

IN 1793 HE ENTERED CONGRESS...  
AS DELEGATE FROM VIRGINIA.

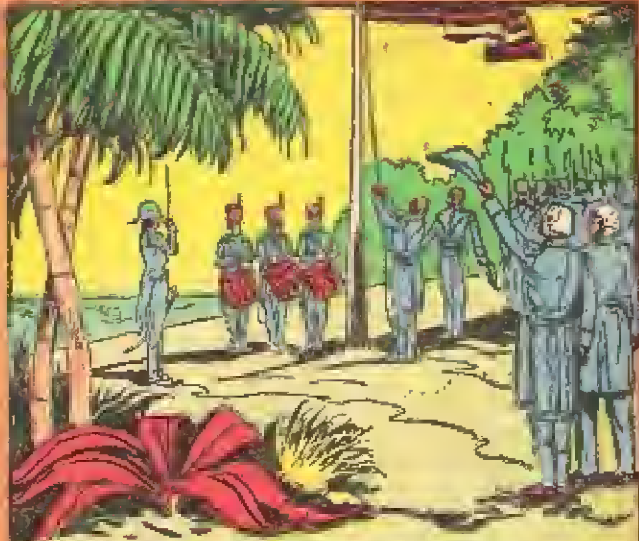
FROM 1799-TO 1802 HE WAS  
GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

AND IN 1816 HE WAS ELECTED FIFTH  
PRESIDENT OF THE U.S./





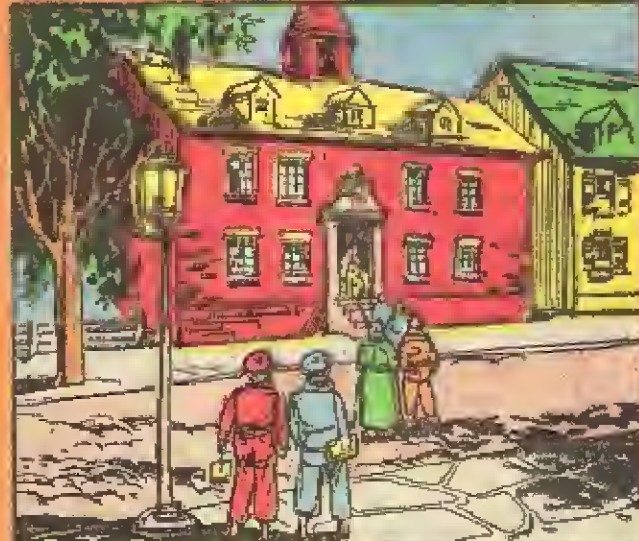
MONROE WAS A GREAT TREATY MAKER. IN 1815 HE NEGOTIATED THE TREATY WHICH OPENED TRADE WITH THE WEST INDIES.



LATER HE ACQUIRED FLORIDA FROM SPAIN!



IN 1818 CAME THE TREATY WITH THE INDIANS, NORTHWEST OF OHIO.



DURING HIS ADMINISTRATION, IN 1821, THE FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL OPENED, IN BOSTON.



IN 1824 LA FAYETTE, THEN AN OLD MAN, REVISITED THE U.S. AND MARVELED AT THE PROGRESS MADE BY THE NATION HE HAD HELPED TO FOUND!

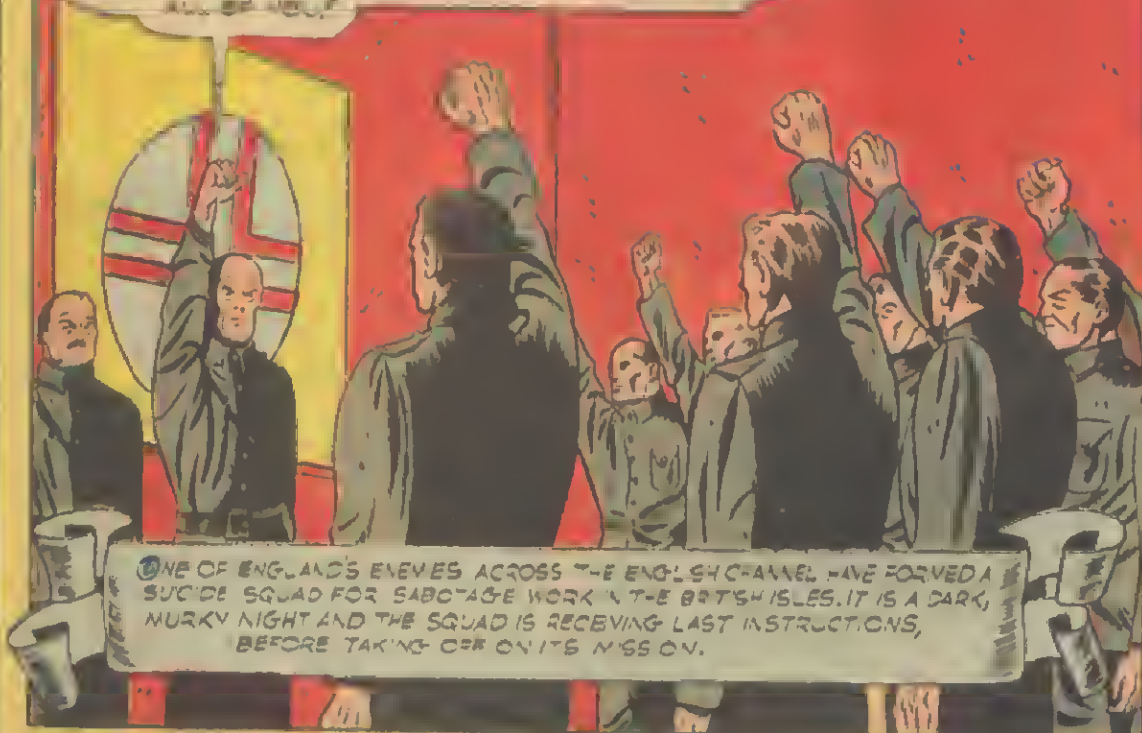


BUT MONROE'S MOST FAMOUS WORK WAS THE DOCTRINE HE PROCLAIMED IN 1823—BARRING FOREVER ANY FURTHER EUROPEAN EXPANSION IN THE AMERICAS!



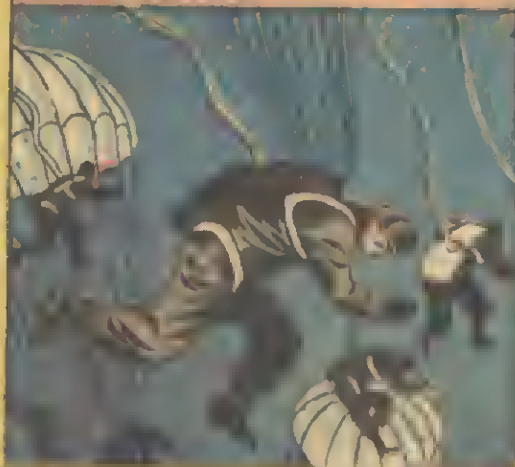
# BLUE BOLT

NOW, NONE OF YOU BRAVE MEN WILL EVER RETURN TO DER  
FATHERLAND! YOU ARE ALL GOING TO COMMIT SUICIDE IN  
CARRYING OUT YOUR DUTIES. EACH OF YOU HAS ONE HIGHLY  
IMPORTANT OBJECTIVE TO BLOW UP EACH OF YOU WILL  
CONCENTRATE ON THAT ALONE, AND GOOD LUCK TO  
ALL OF YOU!



ONE OF ENGLAND'S ENEMIES ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL HAVE FORMED A  
SUICIDE SQUAD FOR SABOTAGE WORK IN THE BRITISH ISLES. IT IS A DARK,  
MURKY NIGHT AND THE SQUAD IS RECEIVING LAST INSTRUCTIONS,  
BEFORE TAKING OFF ON ITS MISSION.

A FEW HOURS LATER, THE SQUAD IS  
DROPPED FROM A PLANE OVER AN  
ISOLATED SPOT SOMEWHERE IN  
ENGLAND----



A FIFTH-COLUMNIST, WHO HAS BEEN WORKING  
IN ENGLAND, MEETS THEM AND CONDUCTS  
THEM TO A SECRET HIDE-OUT----

YOU HAVE FALSE  
IDENTIFICATION PAPERS  
FOR US, HERR KARL?

I HAVE. EVERY-  
THING IS READY  
FOR YOUR  
MISSIONS!



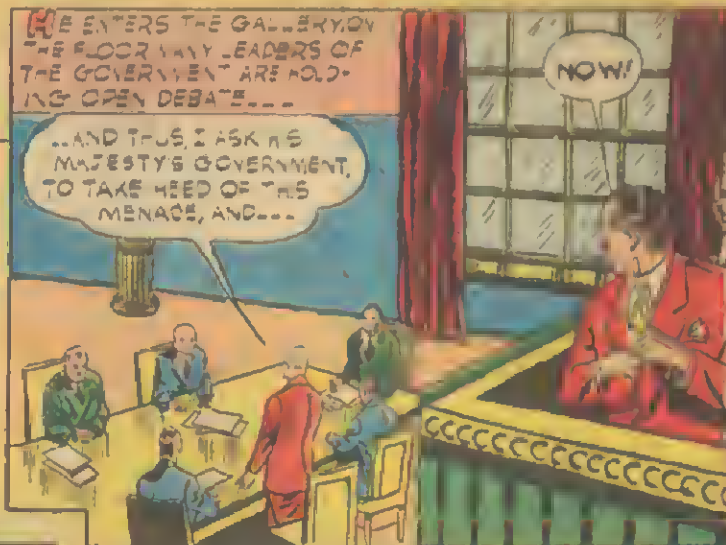


THE NEXT DAY SUICIDE SQUAD MAN NO.1 GOES TO WORK. INNOCENT-LOOKING PAPERS ADMIT HIM TO AN IMPORTANT COUNCIL GALLERY.



HE ENTERS THE GALLERY, ON THE FLOOR MANY LEADERS OF THE GOVERNMENT ARE HOLDING OPEN DEBATE---

...AND THUS, I ASK HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT, TO TAKE HEED OF THIS MENACE, AND---



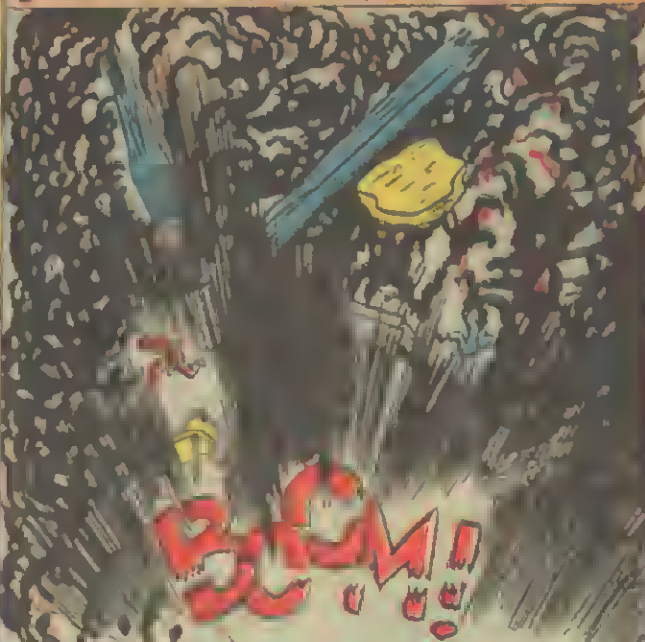
SUDDENLY!

TAKE HEED OF THIS... ENGLISH PIGS!



WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS, SUICIDE SQUAD MAN NO.1 IS AS DEAD AS ANYONE ELSE IN THE CATASTROPHE---

THERE IS A GREAT, SHATTERING EXPLOSION!



OH-HO!

WHAT A HORRIBLE BUSINESS! I WONDER WHAT KIND OF A BIRD THAT BOYB-THROWER WAS, CRAZY OR WHAT?

HE MUST HAVE BEEN. IF HE THOUGHT HE COULD LIVE THROUGH THAT BLAST!

THAT AGH, BLUE BOAT AND K.P.H.S.K.D BROTHER, READ ABOUT THE AFFAIR.

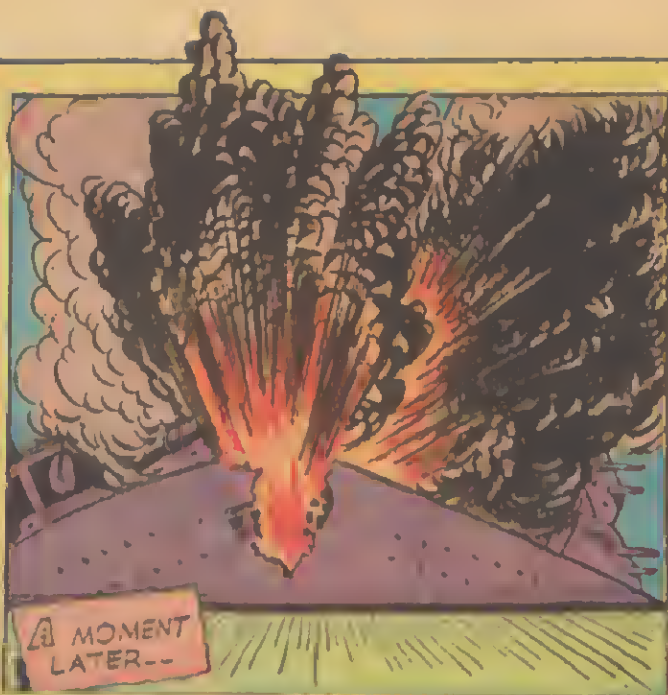




THE NEXT DAY, ANOTHER SQUAD  
MAN SECURES ADMITTANCE  
TO A NAVY YARD WITH HIS  
FORGED PAPERS.

OKAY, SR.  
YOU MAY  
GO IN.

ONE HOUR AFTER THAT, IN THE  
MINISTRY OF LABOR---

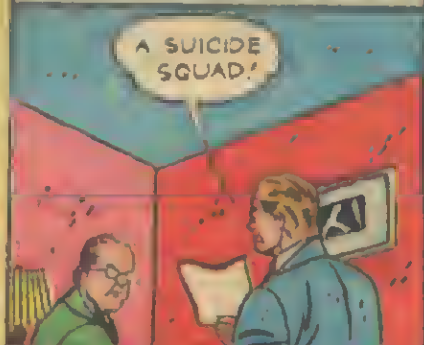


A MOMENT  
LATER--



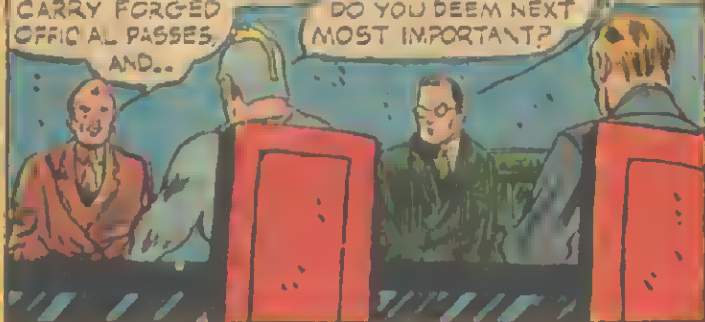
THE COUNTRY REELS UNDER  
THESE STAGGERING CALAMI-  
TIES... WHAT IS THE ANSWER?  
THEN, A PAPER IS DISCOVERED ON  
ONE OF THE MEN, TELLING THE  
STORY----

A SUICIDE  
SQUAD!



BLUE BOLT, NOW A TRUSTED ALLY OF THE GOVERN-  
MENT, IS PRIVILEGED TO SIT IN ON THE COMMITTEE  
TO UPROOT THIS MENACE----

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO STOP... EXCUSE ME, SIR, I AM PLANT  
THESE MEN THEY ALL... WHAT OBJECTIVE FOR SURE  
CARRY FORGED... DO YOU DEEM NEXT  
OFFICIAL PASSES... MOST IMPORTANT?  
AND...



GOOD! I'LL HURRY OUT THERE  
AND DO SOME SNOOPING! YOU'LL  
HEAR FROM  
ME SHORTLY!





AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PLANT, BLUE BOLT CLOSELY SURVEYS EACH PERSON WHO ENTERS....



SUDDENLY, BLUE BOLT SPOTS A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING MAN... SQUAD MAN NO. 4! BLUE BOLT GIVES THE MAN AN ELECTRICALLY CHARGED STARE...



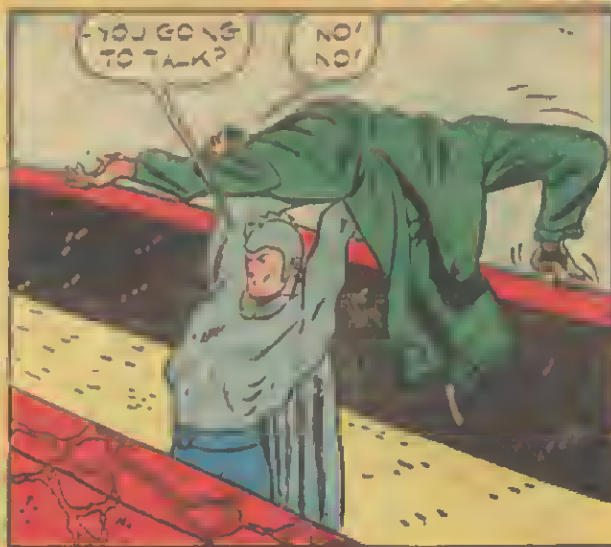
THE INTENSE HEAT PERMEATES THE BOMB, INSIDE THE MAN'S CLOTHING, BURNING HIS SIDE.



QUICKLY, BLUE BOLT LEAPS UPON HIM.









WILDLY, THE REST OF THE  
SUICIDE SQUAD LEAPS  
INTO ACTION...

HE SPOTS THE SQUAD'S  
SPARE EXPLOSIVES...

TIME TO USE A COUPLE  
OF THOSE! THESE GUYS  
REALLY ARE SUICIDE  
FIGHTERS!



HE DIVES!

ACH!

HIMMEL!



GAINING A SAFE DISTANCE, BLUE  
BOLT SUDDENLY TURNS, AND---



HE'S GETTING  
AWAY - KILL  
HIM!

I'LL BE  
BACK.  
RIGHT...

LATER

WE'RE INDEBTED  
TO YOU, HEAVEN  
KNOWS WHAT  
DAMAGE THEY  
MIGHT HAVE  
DONE!

RIGHT.  
WE'D  
BETTER BE  
CAREFUL  
OF ANY MORE  
OF THEM!



FURTHER ADVENTURES  
OF BLUE BOLT IN  
THE NEXT ISSUE!



# KRISKO and JASPER

TAKE A LOOK AT THAT APPROACHING ARMY, YOU OLD GOAT, THEN DRAG OUT YOUR SHOOTIN' HARDWARE—

I GIVE ORDERS NO ONE BUT THE MATE WAS TO GO ASHORE!

HEH-HEH! I HAVE TH' GAL!

HELP! LET ME GO!

LISTEN, FISH,—YOU'RE GONNA KEEP ON SNAPPIN' AT ME UNTIL I GET MAD AND GO ON TH' PROD!

KRISKO AND JASPER HAVE ESCAPED THE NATIVES WHO ARE AFTER THEIR PRINCESS. SHE HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE DOUBLE CROSSING MATE. AN ENEMY SPY, WHO HAS MARRIED HER SO THAT HE COULD CONTROL THE NATIVES, IS LEADING THE ATTACK.

SMACK

COME ON, FEED TH' GUN WHILE I SIGHT HER.

AW, SHUT UP AND PULL TH' TRIGGER!

TO CUTLASS AND PISTOL—THEY ARE BOARDING US!

YIP-EE! THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD FIGHT COMIN'!

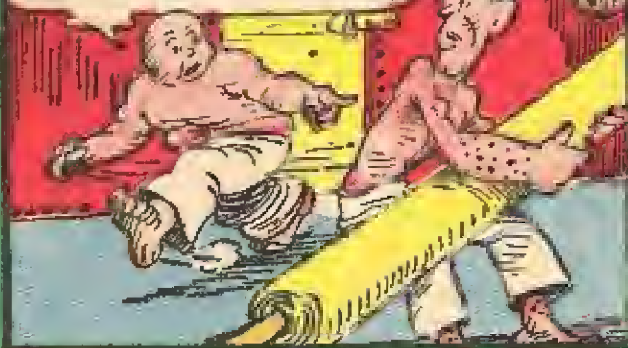
BANG

RETREAT, NAPOLEON—WE IS BEIN' SOOROUNDED!

COME IN HERE, YOU FIGHTIN' MAVERICK---THERE'S SPECIAL WORK TO DO!



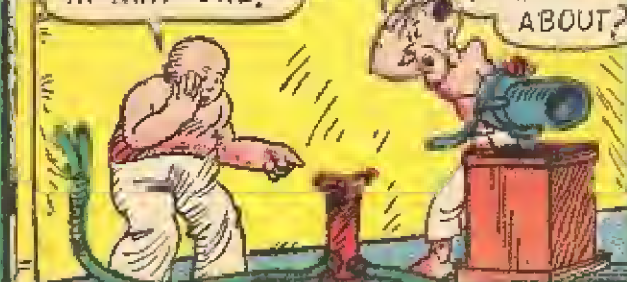
YOU UNROLL THAT CANVAS WHILE I GET SOME PAINT, FOG HORN, HOSE AND A AIR PUMP. HURRY!



THAT'S RIGHT. RUN THE HOSE THROUGH THESE HOLES IN THE STRETCHED CANVAS; NOW SET UP TH' FOG HORN, I'LL GET BUSY AND PAINT A PICTURE.

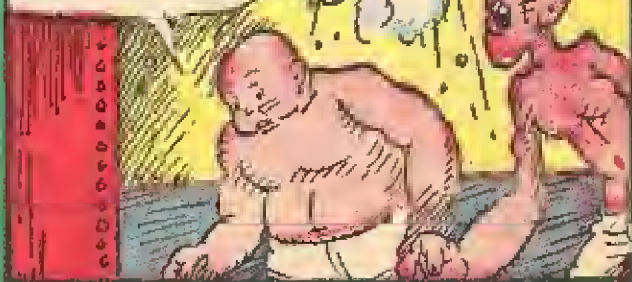


LE'S-SEE NOW! EVER' THING READY? THE AIR PUMP WITH HOSE RUNNING TO THE SMOKE STACK. THE FOG HORN FOR NOISE. M-MM-OKE!



COME ON LE'S-GO FIND TH' PRINCESS, THEN WE'RE READY TO CLEAR TH' DECKS ABOVE!

BANG DOGGONE IT! WE'RE MISSIN' A GOOD FIGHT!



O-THERE YOU ARE SUGAR. DON'T FRET SO, I'LL-

HURRY UP! GET HER OUT OF THERE-SOME-ONE IS COMIN'!



SO IT'S YOU, EH? YOU LOP-EARED MANGY SON OF A YELLOW CAYOTE - WELL!

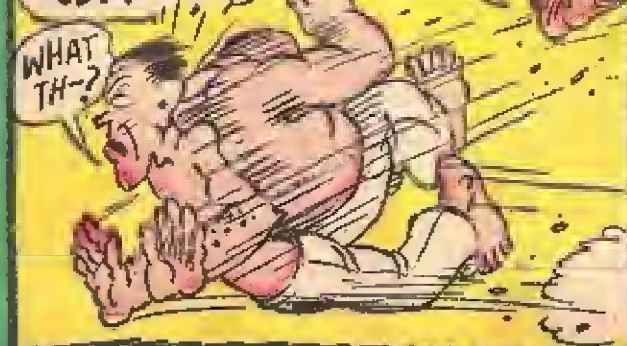
WHY YOU LITTLE BILGE RAT - I'M GONNA BREAK YOU INTO LITTLE PIECES!



COME ON! WHAT'RE YOU WAITIN' FOR?

CRASH

NOW GIT OUTTA' MY WAY!

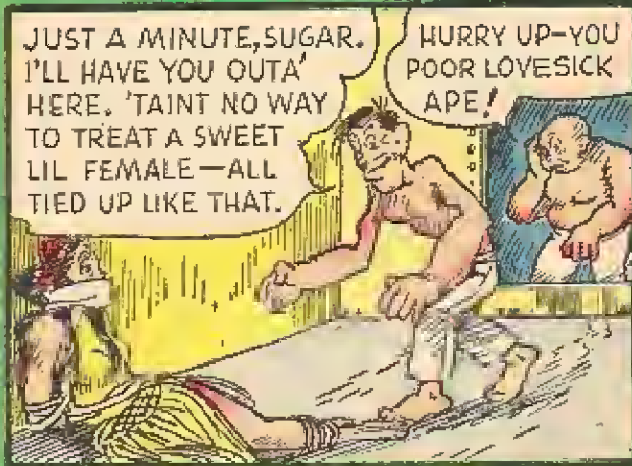
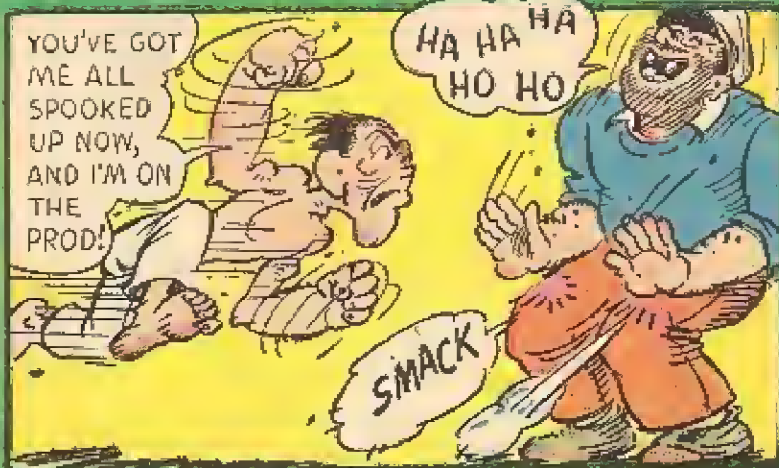


YOU TWO HORSE MARINES HAVE BEEN GETTING IN MY WAY LONG ENOF. I'M GONNA MAKE SHARK BAIT OUT OF YOU IN MIGHTY SHORT ORDER!

COME GET IT-YOU'RE ASKIN' FER IT!

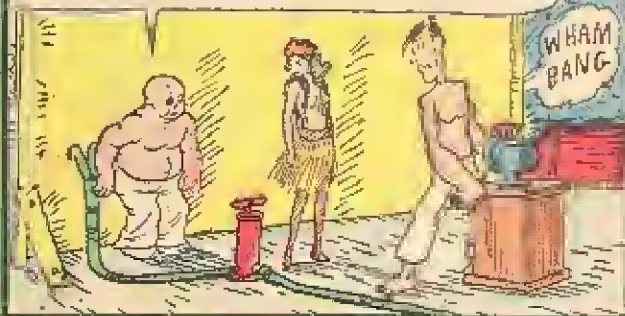








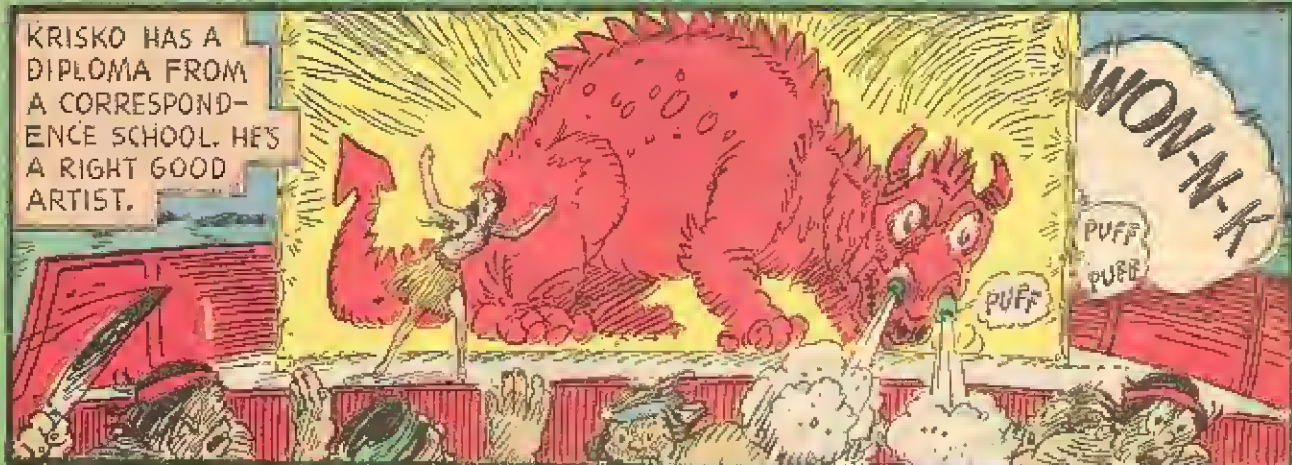
SISTER, YOU GO OUT IN FRONT AND TELL YOUR PEOPLE WHAT I TOLD YOU TO SAY. JASPER, YOU GRIND THE OLD FOGHORN AND I WILL WORK THE SMOKE PUMP.



MY PEOPLE—I'M ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU MUST STOP FIGHTING AND LEAVE THE SHIP AT ONCE OR THE DRAGON WILL TAKE ME OUT TO SEA. IF YOU WILL GO, I WILL BE ALLOWED TO GO WITH YOU NOW!



KRISKO HAS A DIPLOMA FROM A CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL. HE'S A RIGHT GOOD ARTIST.

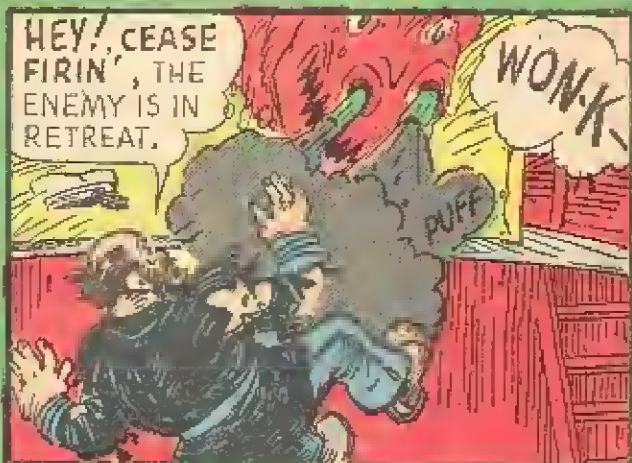


BOY-O-BOY! LOOK AT 'EM GO. WE SURE WHIPPED THEM GOOD!

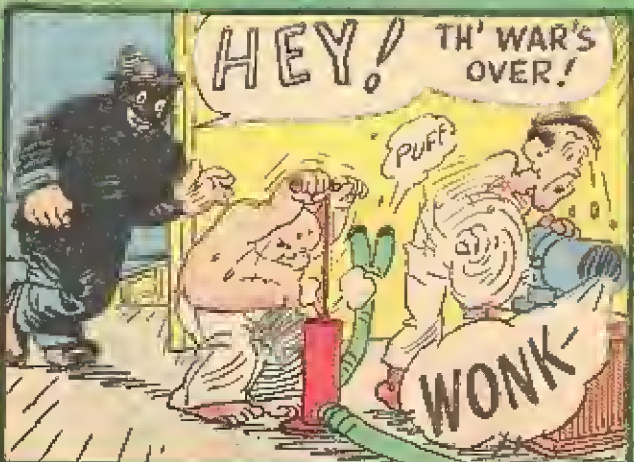
LIKE FUN WE WHIPPED THEM. THEY HAD US BEAT 'TIL THAT PAINTIN' BEGAN TO SNORT! ... I'VE GOTTA HUNCH WHO'S BACK OF IT ALL!



HEY! CEASE FIRIN', THE ENEMY IS IN RETREAT.



HEY! TH' WAR'S OVER!



HA-HA-HA  
HA-HA

WE SURE DID TRICK THOSE NATIVES!  
HA HA



BE CAREFUL CAPN, "THEY WHO LAUGH LAST, ETC." REMEMBER, THERE ARE TWO DESPERATE MEN TIED UP BELOW. IN NEXT ISSUE, THEY MIGHT ??WE'LL SEE ....





# Sergeant Spook

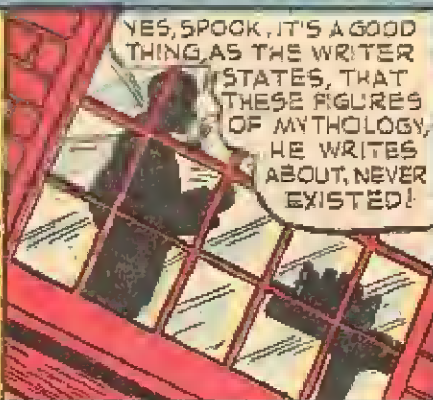
IN THE CASE OF THE ONE-EYED CYCLOPS!

by

MALCOLM KILDALE

SERGEANT SPOOK... THE GHOST OF A POLICEMAN, KILLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY, HAS ANOTHER STRANGE ADVENTURE!

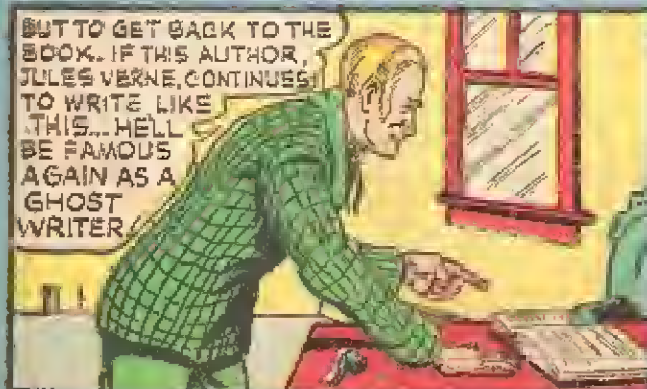
**S**ERGEANT SPOOK AND DR. SHERLOCK ARE IN THE LATTERS STUDY, DISCUSSING THE LATEST BOOK PUT OUT BY THE GHOST TOWN PUBLISHING COMPANY...



HMM...BOY! CAN YOU IMAGINE THE GHOST OF HERCULES, OR A GORGON, RUNNING AROUND GHOST TOWN?



BUT TO GET BACK TO THE BOOK. IF THIS AUTHOR, JULES VERNE, CONTINUES TO WRITE LIKE THIS...HE'LL BE FAMOUS AGAIN AS A GHOST WRITER.



YES, DOCTOR! BUT I'VE HAD ENOUGH READING FOR TONIGHT... I'M TIRED! THINK I'LL HIT THE HAY! GOOD NIGHT!





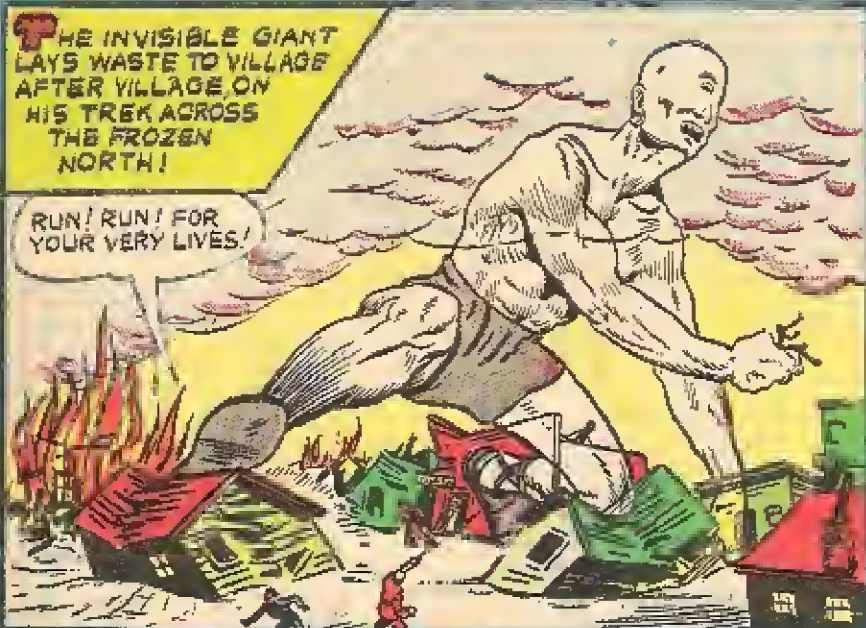
**B**UT IF SPOOK HAD KNOWN, THAT, AT THE VERY MOMENT HE WAS GOING TO SLEEP, A GIANT SPIRIT-FIGURE WAS CROSSING THE FROZEN WASTES OF ALASKA. HE WOULDN'T HAVE SLEPT SO WELL!



**F**OR THE GIANT FIGURE WAS THE CYCLOPS! A ONE-EYED MONSTER, SUPPOSEDLY A MYTH, AGES AGO! WHO MUST HAVE BEEN A REALITY FOR NOW HE'S A GHOST.

**T**HE INVISIBLE GIANT LAYS WASTE TO VILLAGE AFTER VILLAGE, ON HIS TREK ACROSS THE FROZEN NORTH!

RUN! RUN! FOR YOUR VERY LIVES!

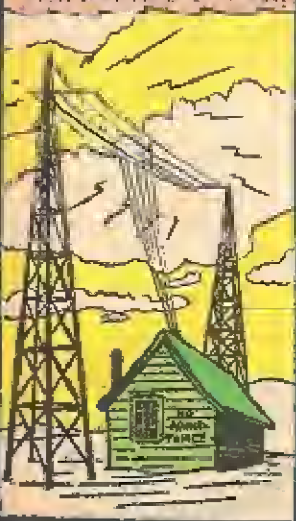


**A** RADIO OPERATOR, IN THE TOWN OF NORD, RECEIVES AN URGENT MESSAGE!

HELP! HELP! WE'RE BEING MURDERED BY AN INVISIBLE HORROR!



**T**HE NEWS FLASHES AROUND THE WORLD, STRIKING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF MEN!



**M**EANWHILE... IN GHOST-TOWN, BEN FRANKLIN IS PLAYING AROUND WITH HIS NEW GHOST RECEIVER, AND PICKS UP THE NEWS BROADCAST OF THE MORTAL WORLD...

WHUHI! THIS LOOKS LIKE A CASE FOR SERGEANT SPOOK!



**W**HEN SERGEANT SPOOK HEARS THE REPORT...

WOW! I'D BETTER GET GOING! THIS LOOKS SERIOUS!



**S**O SERGEANT SPOOK LEAVES FOR ALASKA, WARMLY DRESSED, FOR EVEN GHOSTS GET CHILLED...





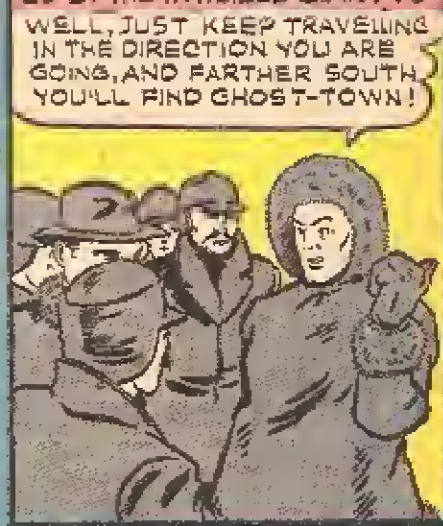
**IN** ALASKA, SPOOK PASSES THROUGH VILLAGES THAT HAVE BEEN TOTALLY WRECKED...



**S**UDDENLY, SPOOK SEES A MOB OF GHOSTS COMING TOWARD HIM...



**S**POOK FINDS OUT THAT ALL THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KILLED BY THE INVISIBLE GIANT!



I'M GOING AFTER THIS INVISIBLE TERROR... OR WHATEVER IT IS!



**F**EW GHOST TRAPPERS STEP FORWARD...



**A**CROSS THE ARCTIC WASTES, TRAVEL THE BRAVE BAND OF GHOSTS...



LOOK! LOOK, AT THE SIZE OF THIS!



**S**ERGEANT SPOOK BENDS DOWN OVER A HUGE FOOTPRINT...





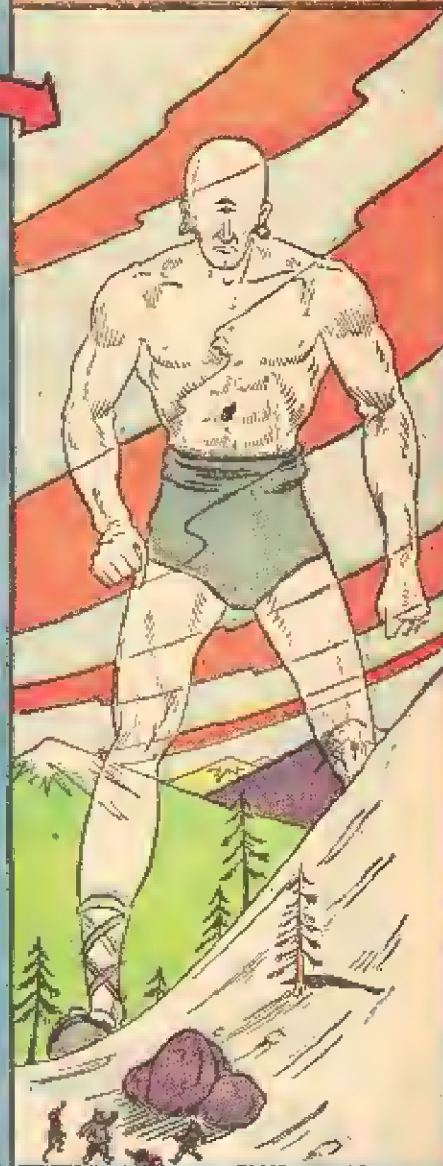
**S**UDDENLY... AS THE GROUP ARE LOOKING AT THE GIANT FOOTPRINT, THE EARTH ABOUT THEM STARTS TO SHAKE...



YEOW!  
L-L-LOOK!



**F**OR SUDDENLY... THE GIANT ONE-EYED CYCLOPS, STEPS FROM BEHIND A MOUNTAIN...



**T**HE GHOST TRAPPERS FLEE... LEAVING SERGEANT SPOOK TO FACE THE GHOST CYCLOPS!

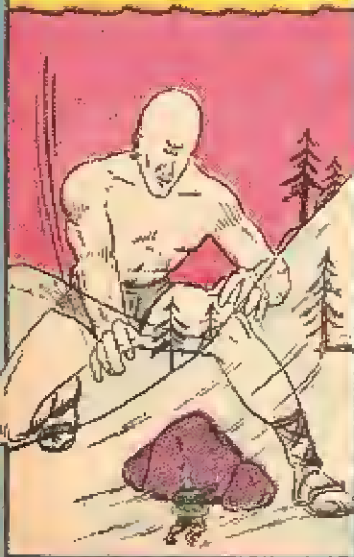
WELL, YOU BIG LUG! WHY DON'T YOU TRY AND CATCH ME?



**S**POOK TAUNTS THE CYCLOPS, TO TAKE HIS MIND AWAY FROM THE FLEEING TRAPPERS, AND THE BRUTE RAGES FIERCELY!



**T**HE GIANT CHARGES DOWN ON SPOOK!



...BUT SPOOK, BEING MUCH SMALLER, AND VERY AGILE, DUCKS AWAY FROM THE GRASPING HAND...

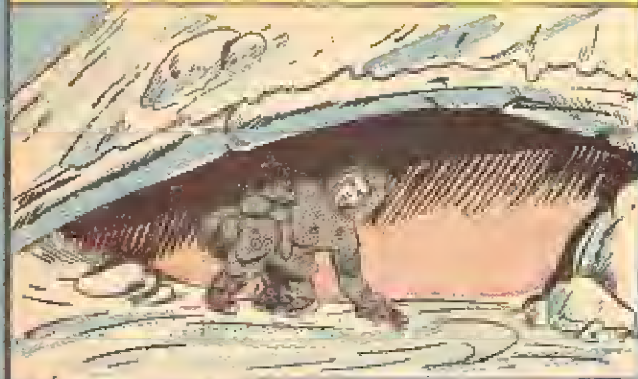


BOY! I'D BETTER HIDE, BUT QUICK... BEFORE THIS GUY MAKES MINCE MEAT OUT OF ME, AND I BECOME A GHOST OR SOMETHING!





**S**ERGEANT SPOOK DUCKS IN UNDER A LEDGE ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE...



**A**ND THE CYCLOPS YELLS WITH RAGE, FOR HAVING LOST SIGHT OF SERGEANT SPOOK.



**THE**

CYCLOPS GETS DOWN ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES... SEARCHING FOR SPOOK... HIS ONE EYE PEERING INTO ALL THE CREVICES ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE...

WHERE CAN THE INSECT BE?



**S**UDDENLY HE SPIES SPOOK!

HO! HO! I'VE GOT YOU, DOG!



HO! HO! YOURSELF, YOU BIG LUG! YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET!



**THE** GIANT REACHES DOWN FOR SPOOK!



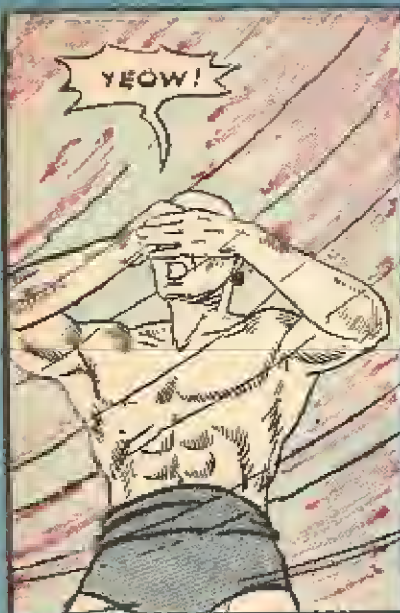
**B**UT SPOOK HEAVES A SNOWBALL AT THE GIANT, WITH ALL HIS MIGHT!



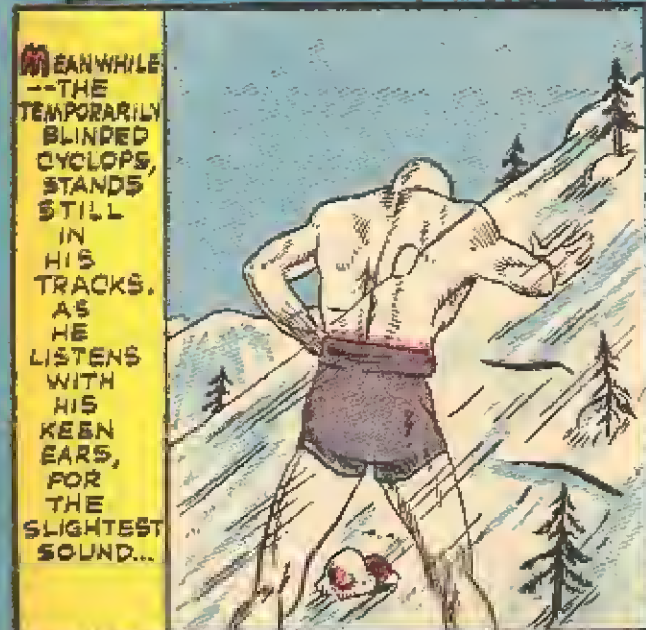
**S**POOK'S AIM IS TRUE, AS THE SNOWBALL HITS THE CYCLOPS IN HIS ONE EYE!





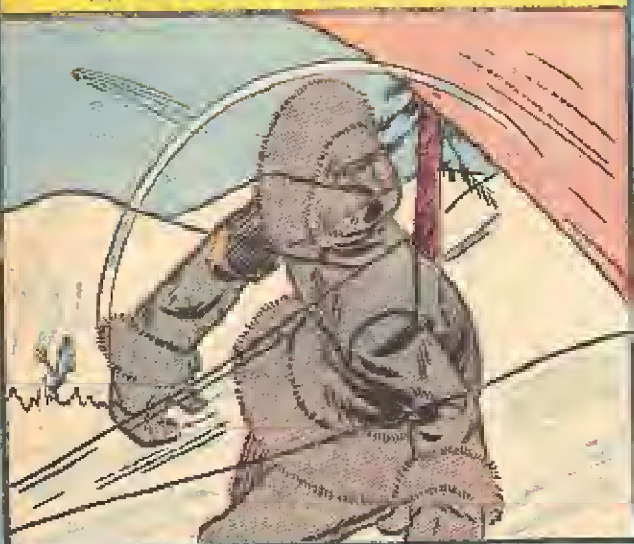


SPOOK PRESSES BACK IN THE LEDGE, AS THE GIANT CYCLOPS' FINGER BRUSHES PAST HIM!





**SERGEANT SPOOK HEAVES THE SNOWBALL AT A DISTANT ROCK...**



**AT THE SOUND OF THE SNOWBALL HITTING THE ROCK, THE CYCLOPS LETS OUT A ROAR AND JUMPS IN THAT DIRECTION**



**I'D BETTER WORK FAST, WHILE HE'S MAKING THAT RACKET!**



**SERGEANT SPOOK DASHES FROM HIS HIDING PLACE, TOWARD THE BIG BRUTE...**



**WHILE THE GIANT IS FEELING AROUND THE ROCK, FOR SPOOK, SERGEANT SPOOK, LIGHTLY CLIMBS ON THE CYCLOPS' GIGANTIC FOOT...**



**HMM...I'LL PARK HERE... NO SENSE IN RUNNING AWAY! HE'LL ONLY RUN RIOT AGAIN!**



**I'LL STICK WITH HIM, MAYBE HE'LL LEAD ME TO THE PLACE HE COMES FROM... PERHAPS THERE ARE MORE GHOST 'MYTH' FIGURES ROAMING AROUND!**



**WHERE**  
- WILL THE CYCLOPS  
TAKE  
**SERGEANT SPOOK?**  
**MORE** STARTLING  
DEVELOPMENTS IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF **BLUE BOLT!**



# G-BOY AUTOMATIC MODEL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DUAL RAPID FIRING TOY PAPER CAP PISTOL

Type Prescribed by U. S. Regulations  
for Army, Navy, Marines, Aviation.

**TWO SHOTS  
BANG! BANG!**

WITH EVERY FULL  
TRIGGER PULL!!

Pat. No. 2098006

- Die Cast White Metal Case
- Will Not Break
- Steel Mechanism—Cadmium Plated
- Pearl Stocks
- Gun Metal Finish—Does Not Rust
- Length over all—8¾ inches
- Weight each—8½ ounces
- Uses Any Standard American Made Roll Caps.

EVERY MAN PLAYED WITH CAP PISTOLS  
WHEN A BOY AND WILL TELL YOU THEY  
ARE HARMLESS . . . ASK DAD!



MO-170

**G-BOY  
PISTOL**

and

**14 BOXES  
ROLL CAPS  
(3500)**

**ONLY \$1.00**

**ST. LOUIS ROLL PAPER CAPS  
FOR G-BOY AND ALL U. S. REPEATERS**



Not classed as fireworks. Harmless and non-hazardous. If additional caps are required for G-BOY PISTOLS—and if not obtainable locally—remit price and we'll send by Express Prepaid. Orders must be for not less than:

MO-175 . . . 28 Boxes for . . . \$1.00

MO-175A . . . 60 Boxes for . . . \$2.00

Sent by PREPAID EXPRESS anywhere in UNITED STATES, on receipt of \$1.00 . . . currency, Money Order or dad's check.

No C.O.D.'s as collections and return nearly double express charges.

**SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY—USE THE COUPON  
BELOW—PRINT OR TYPE NAME AND ADDRESS**

Treasure House Dept.  
111 W. 19th St.  
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is \$1.00. Rush my G-BOY PISTOL and CAPS to me.

NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE.....

**TREASURE HOUSE DEPT. • 111 West 19th Street, New York, N. Y.**





MO-177

**OFFICIAL TOUCH FOOTBALL**

This miniature football grain heavy fabricoid material. Double laced. Comes with pre-inflated rubber valve bladder. Valve needle included. Nothing flimsy about this ball. Each ball tested before being shipped. Will be all the rage again this Fall. Get yours early!

50c

More popular than ever. Carries coins in addition to currency. Visible identification pocket. Card pocket at each end. Snap fastener. State initial to be stamped.

**RUBBERIZED LEATHER**  
(MO 124) 35c

**GUARANTEED ALL LEATHER**  
(MO 124A) 47c

Sell FIVE billfolds (MO 124) for \$1.75 or (MO 124A) for \$2.35 — and we'll send one for yourself free . . . or . . . sell six — send same amount as quoted above — keep remaining cash for yourself.

MO-124



**JOY BUZZER**  
MO-178

A handshaker which produces a buzzing vibration when shaking hands.

25c



**STICKUM BALL**  
MO-181

Anyone who rings this ball will get stung. The ball contains a suction and will adhere to any smooth surface.

15c



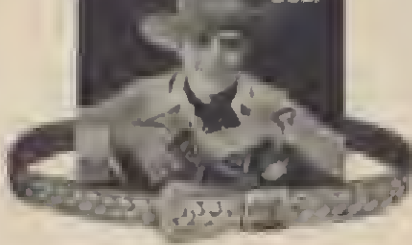
MO-139

Adjustable shank for any finger size. Sides decorated with horse shoe, lariat and saw-bow knot.

15c

(button included)

**GENE AUTRY FRIEZHIPP RING BELT**



MO-138

A Gene Autry belt is one you will be proud to wear. Genuine leather, toolled steerhide. A RING and BUTTON will be mailed FREE with each order for a BELT. State size of belt.

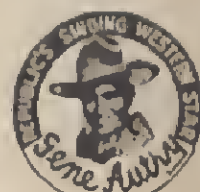
59c

A sure nifty looking Gene Autry scarf. Out will go your chest when you wear this one. All-wool, 26" x 21" square, rolled edges, assorted colors. Washable. Button included.

35c

An OUTDOOR KNIFE like the one pictured at the left should belong to each boy who likes outdoor life. Camping or hiking — you want one of these. The genuine leather sheath is arranged for carrying on belt.

75c



Official button, 1 1/2" diameter. Printed in two colors. FREE with RING BELT or SCARF.



MO-174



**PALPITATOR**  
(Plate Lifter)

Try this one the next time you have a friend for dinner. MO-179 heated 30

25c

MO-180 heated 60"

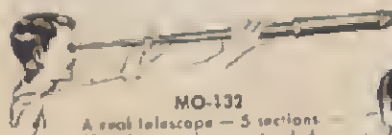
35c



**IMP BOTTLE**  
MO-184

YOU can make this little bottle lie down. Unless they know how, no one else can do it.

10c



MO-132

A real telescope — 5 sections — 32" long when extended — 11 1/2" long when closed. Brings distant objects 10 times closer to the eye. Can also be used as a microscope.

\$1.35

**SPY-SCOPE . . . MO-193**

Use it as illustrated and look in back of you. Can also be used to see over fences and around corners and to make things look upside down.

20c

**KEE-LITE**

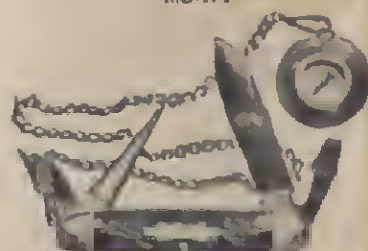
A combination key holder and pocket flashlight. Great for a gift. . .

32c

MO-182



MO-171



**SCOUT KNIFE WITH COMPASS**

Slog handle, brass lined. Compass attached to chain. Four utility blades as shown in illustration.

60c

**SPECIAL "6-4-5" OFFER**  
**SIX FOR THE COST OF FIVE!**

Get five of your friends to order one each of the same prize and to pay you for it. Mail the name and address of each of these persons to TREASURE HOUSE together with payment for the cost of FIVE and we'll send one of that same prize to you FREE—SIX IN ALL.

Send Your Order and Remittance to

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